

SEX HABITS THAT CAN SMASH YOUR LIFE

MAN'S STORY

SEPARATE SIN:
SUBURBIA'S
LATEST CRAZE

I PLAYED THE CUBAN LUST SYNDICATE



HELL'S WIZARD
DEMANDS
CHAINED NUDES

SOFT BODIES FOR THE NAZIS' HALL OF THE LIVING DEAD

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REPAIRING
At Home
In Your
Spare Time!**

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"Your name is on the list"



Doug Mott was not surprised. The recession was on and the assembly line where he worked was almost at a standstill.

And then, strangely, the boss began to smile. "You know how the Engineering Department sends us blueprints and then we have to send them back for revision because they just aren't practical to produce?" Doug nodded . . . wondering. "That's waste . . . and we can't allow it to continue. That's why we thought that if we had a man who knew assembly and production — and drafting, too — he could act as liaison man between engineering and production. You know production, Doug . . . and you're studying drafting with I.C.S. You've got a new job. Congratulations!"

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Man's Story

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ACTION-PACKED THRILLERS

I BLASTED THE CUBAN LUST SYNDICATE 14

By Cal Harding as told to Mark Brand

The wantons wouldn't permit me to live another hour.

SWIM THROUGH YOUR OWN BLOOD TO SLAUGHTER BEACH 18

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Your buddy cries out for help, but he's as good as dead.

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Even the most innocent item is a weapon of self-destruction.

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who
grew
up
in a
house
full
of
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BRITAIN HAS PUT AN END to a
law which encouraged crime. We'd
be wise to follow suit. Since 1831 it
has been illegal in England to pay
manual workers in any form other
than "coin of the realm." The law
was originally enacted to protect
workers from unscrupulous em-
ployers who paid them off in arbi-
trarily priced food, clothing and
liquor. That policy no longer exists,
of course, but payroll robberies be-
came so numerous recently that the
law had to be abolished. Many of
our employers still pay in cash.
Proof that this outmoded system is
dangerous is evidenced by the fact
that in New York City alone there
are 1,000 payroll robberies annual-
ly.

SEAT BELTS have saved countless
lives and have prevented serious
brain injuries during automobile
accidents. The next problem to
tackle is the invention of a device
to keep doors from swinging open
upon impact. Experts say approx-
imately 5500 lives would be saved
yearly.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED to the
navy ruling which states that mem-
bers of the same family should not
be assigned to the same ship? When
the submarine *Thresher* went down
there were two brothers on it. Their
deaths left eight children fatherless.
The ruling went into effect during
World War II when the five Sulli-
van brothers went down with their
ship. Has it been abandoned?

1962 WAS A BLACK YEAR on the
nation's highways. 41,000 deaths
were recorded. Many accidents oc-
curred because the driver's foot
slipped off the brake pedal and onto
the accelerator. On cars with auto-
matic transmissions it would be a
simple matter to locate the gas
pedal where the clutch used to be.
The innovation would eliminate one
cause of a toll that grows grimmer
each year.

IN HIS FIRST TALK to policy-
making officers at the State Depart-
ment, Dean Rusk said, "The pilot
of a jet aircraft has a check list of
many dozen questions which he
must answer satisfactorily before he
takes off on a flight. Would it not be
interesting and revealing if we had
a check list of questions which we
would answer systematically before
we take off on a policy?"

A NEW TYPE OF SPY is costing
American business firms millions of
dollars every year. He's the em-
ployee who walks off with a toy-
maker's idea, a secret formula for
an antibiotic breakthrough or per-
haps a prized dress design. The
American Cyanamid Company esti-
mates they've lost 10 million in re-
search expenditures recently when
a new wonder drug culture was
stolen from their Lederle Labora-
tories in Pearl River, New York.
Rewards for spying can go as high
as \$50,000, but the Burns Detective
Agency once found love to be the
motivation behind a theft. A young
woman worked for a radio manu-
facturer so she could steal ideas for
her boyfriend who was employed
by a rival firm.

THE NEW YORK STATE ATH-
LETIC COMMISSION has responded
to public protests over the rash
of ring deaths and injuries by mak-
ing the following changes in the
boxing code: Time of rounds in pre-
liminary bouts will be reduced from
three to two minutes. The auto-
matic eight-count and the three-
knock-downs-a-round-is-out rule
will be applied to championship
fights. Six-ounce gloves will be re-
placed by eight-ounce gloves for all
contests. "Saved by the bell" will
be outlawed. If a boxer is knocked
down with less than 10 seconds re-
maining in the round the count will
continue despite the bell. If he is
unable to recoup at the count of
10 he will be declared the loser.

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—J. R. E. Bordenstown, N.J.

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—H. P. D. Albany, N.Y.

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—James J. McKley.

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—John Henson, Chicago.

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"I am a builder and have always wanted to learn to do blue print work. I have received as high as \$175.00 for a single set of plans."—E. H. P., Little Rock, Ark.



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—Louis J. Calka, Glen Burnie, Md.

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Dear Editor:

In the story **THEIR PASSION PROBLEMS CAN ROAST YOU ALIVE** the writer failed to touch on the inadvertent fire starters who thoughtlessly (or maybe not so thoughtlessly) flip cigarettes from cars or leave campfires burning. Did you know that even a discarded soft drink bottle can start a fire? Sun rays hitting the glass just right can be made to converge on one tiny spot, much like the child's trick of using a magnifying glass in the sunlight to start paper blazing. Why don't you make these careless "Fire-bugs" the subject of your next article?

G.P., Seattle, Washington

Dear Editor:

Re: Television "doctors" who are making us hypochondriacs—as appearing in your **WHAT THIS COUNTRY NEEDS** column. In my opinion, only those who are potential hypos are susceptible to shows of that nature. These people are the same ones who imagine they have the symptoms of those who are actually ill. So if doctors' offices are filled with patients who only think they're sick, don't blame television.

T.G., Jacksonville, Florida

Dear Editor:

BACKYARD SIN—SUMMER'S PLAGUE, which appeared in your last issue, has truths in it that may be responsible for the exodus from suburbia taking place all over the country. Newspapers and weekly news magazines are reporting a growing restlessness among suburbanites. Commuting problems, high taxes and an awakening to the fact that sordidness is not necessarily restricted to the cities have given them a desire to return to urban conveniences.

R.K., Lakehurst, New Jersey

Dear Editor:

Jerry West's article **BACKYARD**

SIN came as no surprise to me. You have to be a suburbanite to appreciate the problems brought out in his piece. And I'm telling you there was plenty Mr. West didn't mention, too. Anyway, I hope your readers who are contemplating a move to the suburbs will be sure to watch for signs of trouble pointed out in the article.

C.D., Herricks, New York

Dear Editor:

Nowhere in the ETO was German resistance stronger than it was at the Ziegfried Line. Your story in the last issue **SKEWER OUR GUTS ON THE DEVIL'S STAKE**, failed to point out that fact. GIs faced an enemy that was not psychologically prepared to have their land invaded. Standing at their own doorstep, so to speak, the Germans fought with a desperation that was not in evidence at Bastogne or anywhere along the entire length of the Battle of the Bulge.

D.R., Indianapolis, Indiana

Dear Editor:

I don't like the idea of your exposing my job as a busboy. Sure these things that Tom Edwards writes about really happen. I service resort wives just as he does, but I don't go blabbing it all over magazine pages. Besides, I like performing extra "services." If Tom doesn't, as he says, why doesn't he get out of the racket?

Y.C., Plymouth, Vermont

Dear Editor:

Rennie Cortez in your last issue calls herself the **SOUTH AMERICAN DELIGHT**. She's the first Latin I've seen with Irish eyes. You're being put on, editor old boy. I'll bet Rennie's real name is Maggie O'Toole. But what's the difference as long as your choice of lovely dolls maintains its high quality.

G.Y., Oakland, California



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Don Bolander, M.A., University of Chicago; B.S., Northwestern University; Director of Career Institute; authority on adult education.

You have intelligence. You have ability. You have ambition. But are you getting ahead as fast as you think you should?

Let's be frank, and maybe I can save you from years of disappointment. You see, none of us will ever go any farther than our ability to speak and write will let us go. Each of us has something special to offer, but nobody will ever know it if we cannot express ourselves fully and easily.

Think about it. Are there words you avoid using because you're not exactly sure what they mean? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty putting your true thoughts in a letter or report?

The truth is, countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women are being held back in their jobs and social lives—without knowing it—because of their English. If you are honest enough with yourself to admit these difficulties, you have already taken the first big step to success.

The next step is easy. You can master good English without going back to school. Over the years, I have helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists—right in their own homes.

I can help you, too, if you will give 15 minutes a day to the Career Institute Method of mastering good English. My answers to the following questions will show you how quickly and easily you can do something about getting ahead.

Question What is so important about my ability to speak and write?

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Good English is absolutely necessary for making a good impression and getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question What do you mean by a "command of good English"?

Answer It means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation—also read rapidly and remember what you read.

Question Are there other advantages to be gained by acquiring a command of good English?

Answer Yes! Words are actually "tools of thought." The more you learn about words and how to use them to form and express your ideas, the better your thinking becomes. For this reason a command of good English often pays off in unexpected ways.

Question Wouldn't I have to go back to school for a command of good English?

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home—in only a few minutes each day.

Question Is this something new?

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The unique Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making

embarrassing mistakes, gain a colorful vocabulary, write clearly and well, and discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question How do I know it works?

Answer There are thousands of letters in my files, testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing results. If you send in the coupon below, I will share some of these letters with you.

Question Who are some of these people?

Answer The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method has helped business men and women, homemakers, industrial workers, clerks, secretaries... almost anyone you can think of.

Question How long will it take me to learn to speak and write like a college graduate, using your method?

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question How can I find out more about the Career Institute Method?

Answer I will gladly mail a free 32-page booklet to you. The booklet fully explains the new easy-to-follow Career Institute Method and tells how you can gain a command of good English, quickly and enjoyably, at home. Just send a postcard or fill out and mail the coupon below.

Don Bolander

Don Bolander
Director, Career Institute

DON BOLANDER, Career Institute, Dept. 2902, 30 East Adams, Chicago 3, Ill.

Please mail to me, without obligation, a free copy of your 32-page booklet,
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By PAUL STEINER

HISTORICAL. The well-dressed man of the 18th century carried a fur muff, with the richest using only sables . . . In the reign of Henry III, the smartly-attired man wore beaver gloves lined with chinchilla—and the lining was turned back at least an inch, for all to see.

IN THE SATIRICAL film comedy, **THE BALCONY**, Shelly Winters, as the madam, has this to say: "The World is full of whores—what it needs is a good bookkeeper!"

"LAFAYETTE," the first movie about Paul Joseph Yves Gilbert—the Marquis de Lafayette—is specifically concerned with the period of his youth, when he was torn between love for his wife (whom he married when she was 14 and he was 16) and his love of liberty; when he participated in swashbuckling and romantic adventures in France and heroic and courageous endeavors in America under George Washington in the Revolutionary War. An orphan at two years of age, Lafayette inherited his grandfather's estate when he was 12, and became one of the richest men of his time. Much of this vast wealth he devoted to the cause of the American colonies. At 19 he spent a major part of his fortune building frigates to transport volunteers for Washington's army. And as an expression of personal attachment to the man and the country which symbolized freedom to him, Lafayette named two of his children George Washington (godson of the general) and Virginie (after the state).

MR. AMPLEMAN runs the French restaurant, "La Savoire" in New York City, and he's ample enough to qualify for the job—can't stay away from his own food, it seems.

MAURICE CHEVALIER, Jackie Gleason, Mae West, Liberace, Chas. Boyer, Charlie McCarthy, Edie

Adams, Jane Kean and Mme. Jenkins Foster are among the favorites represented in "Les Poupées de Paris", called "that naughty French puppet show".

THEY DON'T HAVE coffee breaks at the executive offices of Esquire shoe polish but polish breaks. During this time employees shine each other's shoes.

MISS MILLIE TIFFET, of the Bronx, N.Y., touring the Soviet Union, asked her Intourist guide if it was all right for her to wear Bermuda shorts. She was assured it was. But when she walked along the boardwalk in her Bermudas, scores of Red Army soldiers who passed snapped her picture, although hordes of bikini-clad women were lolling nearby. "Bermudas must be a mighty strange sight for them," said Miss Tiffet.

ANASTASIA STEVENS, only American member of the Bolshoi ballet, was asked about the shopping habits of her Russian-born colleagues, during a New York engagement. "Dancers usually love to buy shoes," she said, "and underwear. And that's what our ballerinas have been doing in the little time allotted for shopping."

SURVIVAL EXPERT Dr. Alain Bombard, who nearly killed himself a few years ago in an attempt to prove that a man could survive in an open boat on sea-water and raw fish, says he's thinking of retiring to Bermuda. "It must be the healthiest place in the world," he says. "Last time I was there I saw a doctor's shingle saying: 'Surgery hours 2 P.M.-3 P.M., first Thursday of every month.'"

FROM THE book, "More Useless Information:" Eating just half a peanut provides enough energy for an hour of hard mental labor, a nutritionist informs us.

GIVE ME JUST ONE EVENING and I'LL TEACH YOU TO HYPNOTIZE EASILY!



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Imagine the thrill of being able to EXERT YOUR POWER OVER OTHERS. You'll be the center of attraction at parties or work. You'll be able to make others do your bidding... perform and entertain with feats that have baffled millions for years. And you'll do these wonders with EASE. For Hypnotism is no longer a secret miracle of science but a POWER anyone can exert over another... when you know how!

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For years the knowledge of how to produce hypnotic sleep has been so well guarded that only a few have mastered this art. But now the veil of secrecy has been lifted and the amazing SECRETS and techniques revealed for the first time. The fact is that Hypnotism is a scientific fact that anyone can learn. Once you know these secrets and methods you can bring about this strange and wonderful control that has only been used by doctors, psychiatrists and astrologers in the past. Yes, now this remarkable phenomenon will be yours to use for pleasure, self-development and countless other benefits.

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First, you must understand that what another person does with Hypnotism, YOU CAN ALSO DO. There isn't anything anyone has ever done with this art that you cannot do! YOU can make people cry, laugh, shout, stop smoking, recall childhood memories, get like an infant, make water taste like vinegared folkie to eat, dance... do a 1001 things they would never do when not UNDER YOUR POWER. And the most amazing thing of all is --- HOW EASY IT IS TO DO!

SO EASY TO MASTER!

Here at last is the most perfect, complete and easily-learned course on Hypnotism ever written. In three short, simple chapters you learn the hidden secrets of Hypnotism and how to work this scientific miracle. No long, technical, mumbo-jumbo ex-

planations are given. The entire 25-lesson Guide to Hypnotism is written in plain, SIMPLE language that anyone can understand. After the third lesson you are able to begin performing countless techniques and powers clearly explained in the next 22 lessons. You'll learn how to cure bad habits in yourself and others, how to BUILD PERSONAL MAGNETISM, SLEEP without drugs, use Hypnotism to help STOP PAIN, stop smoking, BUILD WILL POWER, LOSE WEIGHT, IMPROVE YOUR MEMORY and so much more. And you'll learn how to MAKE MONEY with your new power by entertaining at parties, lodges, club meetings, etc. Truly, this knowledge will give you a new SURGE OF CONFIDENCE and POWER which may you have ever known!

ACT, FEEL AND BE A NEW PERSON!

How often have you wished that you could EXERT A MAGNETIC POWER and INFLUENCE OVER OTHERS? Get people to respond to your every command... win respect, admiration and sway from both men and women! Well, DREAM NO LONGER. It's all possible through the secret, magnetic power of Hypnotism. You'll not only be MASTERS OVER OTHERS but also yourself. You can BUILD A STRONG, MAGNETIC PERSONALITY through Self-Hypnotism. You use Hypnotism to RIDE THE MINDS of others and Plant YOUR Thoughts in their minds. You can direct your self to ACCOMPLISH anything... as easily as you can command others. You have the power to accomplish your innermost dreams.

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Never before has such a Complete and authentic course on Hypnotism been available at such a low price. Doctors and students have PAID hundreds of DOLLARS for personal instruction in Hypnotism, when obtainable. Knowledge such as this can be worth THOUSANDS of DOLLARS to the user over the years. Yet, due to printing economies, large phone runs and also by the elimination of correspondence costs, the complete 25 - Lesson Guide TO HYPNOTISM is yours for only \$1.98. Yes, only \$1.98 for the COMPLETE COURSE boxed in book form. Certainly a tiny investment for so much!

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MEDICAL TIPS for MEN



DRIP-DRY SHIRTS CAN BE DANGEROUS: The Journal of the American Medical Association is authority for the statement that the fabrics used in men's shirts, that have crease-resisting qualities, are often treated with formaldehyde before manufacture. This is a chemical toward which many men are allergic and may be the cause of skin-trouble that baffles some people.

DANGER OF FOOD AS A REWARD: According to Dr. Morton B. Glenn, when a parent promises a young child a piece of cake or candy as a reward for going to the dentist or making good grades at school, he is laying the basis for obesity in his child later on in life. Because the child has developed the habit of being rewarded or rewarding himself with food. Much better would be the reward for virtue to take the form of a new toy, a visit to a movie, a fishing trip requiring physical exertion.

ARTIFICIAL INSEMINATION MAKES BASTARDS IN ILLINOIS: In 1954, an Illinois court ruled that, although the husband had given his consent to artificial insemination of his wife by an unknown donor, the child so conceived and so born could be held as illegitimate. However, the courts in other states have ruled differently from Illinois.

PLAYING TENNIS CAN BE DANGEROUS: According to a report made to the Public Health Service, by Dr. James C. Hart, director of preventable diseases of the Connecticut Health Department, eight or nine people who played tennis at a country club in Fairfield County, have developed a fungus infection known as sporotrichosis by playing tennis on a court that was covered by salt hay during last winter. The infection usually causes an ulcer on the hands or arms that

fails to heal unless treated with iodine. But it has been known even to invade bone and lungs.

NEW CAUSE DISCOVERED FOR SCHIZOPHRENIA: At a recent conference on Biological Treatment of Mental Illness, Dr. Jacques S. Gottlieb, director of the Lafayette Clinic in Detroit, revealed that a blood examination of schizophrenic patients showed the unusual presence of a serum that seemed to prevent release of sufficient energy in patients to meet the stressful realities of life. Hence the schizoid's escape into a dream world of his own.

ANOTHER DEFEAT FOR PENICILLIN. Dependence on penicillin to cure bacterial pneumonia is the cause of 15,000 needless deaths every year in the USA. This warning was given recently by Dr. Robert Austrian of the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine to the last meeting of the Association of American Physicians in Atlantic City. Dr. Austrian, after a study of about 500 pneumonia patients, found that 20 per cent died despite the use of penicillin. And he favors the preventive use of a pneumococcus vaccine for everybody over 50 instead of penicillin.

PLASTIC AND STEEL HEART VALVES SUCCESSFUL: Reporting at a meeting of the American Association for Thoracic Surgery in Houston, Texas the other day, Dr. Albert Starr of the University of Oregon revealed how he and his colleagues performed open-heart surgery on a 30-year-old man dying of rheumatic heart disease and replaced, for the first time in surgical history, three valves of his heart with plastic and steel substitutes. Said Dr. Starr, "This operation makes possible soon a total mechanical heart replacement."

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You don't have to attend either of my 2 schools where I train you like you and turn them into KARATE experts. No! I can show you how to practice KARATE in the privacy of your own home with only a few minutes of practice a day. I have jam-packed all I know about KARATE into "SUPER KARATE"—practically illustrated and clearly explained.

In this book I take you step by step through the fundamentals of KARATE so that you understand clearly and immediately how these amazing principles operate to make you master of ANYONE you may meet—no matter how big he is, or how much he weighs!

YOUR BODY IS YOUR PROTECTION!
The result of hundreds of years of development in Japan, KARATE is the Oriental system of self-defense in which you turn your hands, arms and legs into incredibly powerful weapons of attack. When you know how to use KARATE, you disarm and disable your opponent in SECONDS. When you apply KARATE techniques, you can cut an aggressor down with a blow of the side of

your hand. You can toss an attacker from the rear over your shoulder and warn him to go around (in fact, a recent photograph in "Pacemag" Magazine shows a 115-lb. girl slamming her 240-lb. instructor into the practice mat!).

With KARATE you can disarm an opponent rushing you with his fists, a broken bottle, a revolver, or any kind of bludgeon. You can turn an aggressor's attack into your advantage with only your hands, your arms and your legs.

What could you do if you were insulted by a bully? ... or if 3 or 4 hoodlums passed remarks about your girl? ... or if you were suddenly mugged from behind? ... or if someone came at you with a baseball bat? If you're like millions of other Americans, you'd be absolutely helpless—and you'd be ashamed, humiliated, robbed, beaten, kicked, or pushed in the eyes of your girl or friend.

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With KARATE you can disarm and disable two, three, and even four attackers. You can apply a simple pressure of your thumb and finger against any one of a dozen vital nerve centers of your opponent and watch his gun or knife fall from his huge hand, while he himself slips off the ground completely helpless and faint.

You can calmly watch a bully come at you with clenched fists—and see him slip over your head without having had any contact with him other than with the sole of your shoe! When you

complete my instructions, you'll be ready for ANYONE—for ANY emergency—and you will feel supremely confident of being able to handle any situation perfectly.

In fact, a knowledge of KARATE will turn you into a NEW MAN—even if you never actually have to use it! For you will become self-assured and completely confident of yourself and your ability to handle yourself. You will walk with a determined and confident step... you'll look any man in the eye... and you'll walk the streets with the knowledge that NOTHING can frighten you—that you can deal with any man, any weapon, any situation—and that you can do all this with NO bodily contact!

Costs ONLY 99¢

You owe it to your own sense of mind—to to live the code you're able to defend yourself in these days when attack may come at any time from hoodlums, criminals and "wise guys". So **MAIL** your order NOW for my complete instruction on KARATE—for the amazingly low price of only 99¢ plus 26¢ for postage and handling. If you and your friends don't say KARATE has made a new man out of you, every cent will be refunded! If you order now—I'll include without extra charge your personal Membership Card in the American Karate Federation.

LIFE Magazine says "... bare-fisted violence"



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NAME _____ ADDRESS _____ CITY _____ ZONE STATE _____

☐ I understand that by studying KARATE I am morally bound and obligated never to practice KARATE as an aggressor (only to defend myself) and will never abuse it.

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I BLASTED THE CUBAN

That I was still alive was pure luck. That these wantonly beautiful women would permit me to live another hour was too much to ask.

THE case against Flora de Mayo was wrapped up. I had the evidence in a minox camera and a clear-cut mental picture of every puta who put the bite on lush Venezuelans to further the cause of The Bearded Ones.

All I had to do now was to get the camera to the Miraflores Palace in Caracas and let the government take it from there.

I never got through the door of Flora's place.

A gun was pressed into my back. Higher than the gun, I felt the pressure of firm breasts. "Stand still, Yanqui." Flora's fingers toyed with my ear. She smiled at the last of the departing guests, big, fat Latins with Bolivares to burn. "Buenas noches, amigos."

The rich men smiled at Flora and the other putas who were hanging on them as though they didn't want them to leave. They glanced at me cursorily, their faces sobering. I didn't look like an equal with five days' growth of beard and dirty clothes.

I grabbed a fat arm. "There's a gun at my back. Go tell the police ... policia! Pronto!"

He stared dumbly. Flora's laugh was picked up by the others.

By CAL HARDING
as told to
MARK BRAND



I LUST SYNDICATE



For me it was the start of excruciating pain.

drowning my words. "This pig drinks all night free. Now he works." Flora rammed the gun harder, causing me to wince. The rich Latin chuckled, shook his head and left. He was the last.

With him went my hopes of getting out of here alive.

I was shoved to the middle of the large empty room. All five surrounded me, waited for their madame's order to tear me to pieces. Flora ripped away the buttons on my shirt, hooked her fingers around the camera that was strapped to my chest and yanked hard.

She worked the shutter. She didn't know how to take the camera apart to get the film. She slammed it on the floor, then crushed it under her weight. I'd had some good shots of her banding money to a well-known but elusive Cuban guerrilla leader.

"What else you got, eh?"

"Nothing."

Chi-Chi slapped me across the face. "Kill him!" Chi-Chi Ponto. Three months for soliciting in Havana when Batista was still around, and a year for forgery.

"Not until Queva sees him."

"He will say the same."

Flora extended her gun hand as though she was going to shoot. I stopped breathing. A mocking smile

curled the ends of her mouth. Whatever she was thinking about suddenly made her almost bared breasts rise and fall like ocean swells. "Strip!"

"I told you I have nothing else."

Chi-Chi and another named Maguena tore my shirt off and went through the pockets.

"Now the pants."

Maguena reached out. I stepped aside. "I'll do it." Maguena Lajaja, a stripper in Maracaibo until she was suspected of a double murder. She was working for Flora while the heat was on. Most of what she displayed at the La Concho was visible now. She went through the pockets of my pants, shrugged and tossed them over her shoulder.

FLORA'S eyes glowed as they went over me. "Clean, for a tramp." Her gun hand relaxed a little. At about the same time a strong, night breeze off the Gulf of Venezuela blew the front door ajar. I was the only one who noticed it. If these Commie-lovers thought I wouldn't try to escape in my condition they were wrong. I'd race down 42nd Street and Broadway naked if my life depended on it.

"Kill him now. Queva won't care."

Flora's gun hand grew weary. She was listening to Chi-Chi's opinions.

"But this one's a Yanqui. He may want to question—"

My fist caught her square on the button. The gun clattered to the floor and I bent down to scoop it up on the run. I fumbled it. An arc of glistening steel swept behind me as I lunged for the door. The blade missed my back but sank deep into the fleshy part of my upper leg.

White hot pain surged through me. I thudded to the floor. My hand closed over the hilt of the knife and I drew the steel out of my flesh to the accompaniment of a sickening squishing sound. A pointed shoe clipped my wrist. The knife flew away. Another foot was driven into the pit of my stomach. Bile boiled into my throat. A half naked puta named Pacida dropped on top of me and raked her fingernails across my chest. She screamed foul oaths in Spanish and was acting in general like someone who'd suddenly gone ape.

I fought her off, aware of the blood that was gushing out of the slit in my leg. The floor was sticky under me. Maguena piled on me, then Flora de Mayo. I struggled under their weight, inching my way to the door. It was only a foot away. I could feel the cool breeze on my sweaty skin. But it might as well have been a mile distant.

Puny fists beat my arms, back and chest. Nails gouged out long trenches of raw meat. Pacida was still screaming, only now she'd gone down to my leg and was squeezing the wound to make the blood pump faster.

The weight of all five was too much for me. I'd lost too much blood. Everything swirled in a blur of breasts, hips, arms and legs and blood and maddened female faces that looked more tigerish than human. The night air coming through the door did not freshen the stink of sweat that mingled with aromas of exotic perfumes and the smell of stale wine.

I saw the knife in Flora's hand, red-stained blade wavering above my head. And Chi-Chi screamed, "Kill him! Kill him!"

Flora's arm went higher for a full and thorough thrust. In one last desperate effort I summoned all my strength to avoid the inevitable plunge of steel.

"What in hell is going on here?"

ALL action stopped. Eyes lifted to the door. Flora gushed, "Queva!"

The weight came off me. I went limp on the floor. I was too ex-



Now that she was in my arms, Maguena wanted me to blot out everything that had happened and act like a thoughtful lover.



I felt no pangs of conscience with what I was doing now. It was kill or be killed and I was damn sure I wasn't going to die alone.

haunted even to try to stem the flow of blood from my leg.

Flora said, "He's a spy."

The man Queva was dark-complected, lean and dressed like the rich men who patronized Flora de Mayo's. His eyes were sunk deeply into his head. "Put him in a chair." His voice was authoritative.

Hands dragged me across the room. The wooden chair groaned under my weight. An odor of garlic had the effect of smelling salts. It came from Queva. "I know him."

"You should. He's the tramp that's been hanging around here for three weeks."

"The same one we thought was harmless?"

"Si. Chi-Chi saw him taking pictures of me and Jose."

Queva breathed on me. "Who pays you?"

I snickered at him. "Do it for love."

He back-handed me across the mouth. He rubbed his knuckles, glaring at the putas. "You destroyed the pictures?"

"Si."

His voice was harsh. "You know what would happen if Betancourt saw them?"

"Deportation for us." Flora murmured it.

"And the sindicato?" Queva snapped.

"It would not flourish."

"And our brave soldados in the field?"

Flora was beet red. She swallowed hard. Her eyes were on me and they were filled with a hatred I'd never seen in my life.

Her words came out in a whisper. "Without Bolívar, Queva, they would have to disband."

"You are not entirely stupid."

Queva buried more sarcasms at her, then grabbed her by the hair and snapped her head back. "You will screen all tramps from now on."

"Si." Her voice quivered.

"You will be more careful of who comes in."

"Si."

Queva seethed. He chucked Flora away from him and strode around the room, pushing his face close to the women as he screamed at them in a high-pitched wail.

"You will work harder upstairs. You will bleed these rich pigs." He stopped at Flora. "Weapons cost money. Training costs money." He spat the words like bullets. The woman winced. He continued his tirade until his voice went hoarse.

He also confirmed beyond a doubt the purpose of this salon-bordello here in Maracaibo. His speech prov-

ed more productive than three weeks' surveillance that had netted me nothing until tonight when I'd been lucky enough to catch an actual pay-off in Flora's office.

In Peru and Ecuador Communist guerrillas were robbing banks to finance their activities; here they were using women. Queva's selection indicated he had taste. These were five of the tallest, shapeliest and prettiest Latins south of Key West. And if what they'd done to me so far was any indication, they were also the deadliest.

Queva stormed toward the door. Flora chased after him. "What about the Yanqui?"

He shrugged. "Kill him. If he's working alone, then no harm's been done. If he's working for the government—" He let his voice drop ominously as he glared at Flora. "We'll have to move the operation."

"How will you know?"

"I have a contact." He said it moving through the door, leaving me with one last bit of information that was extremely interesting. A spy in my own headquarters. It was a choice bit, but a fat lot of good it would do now.

CHI-CHI held the stained knife an inch from my chest. The
(Continued on page 48)

Swim Through Your Own Blood To **SLAUGHTER BEACH**

By PAUL HOWARD

You're neck deep in red-stained muck. Slugs rip into bobbing faces, leaving chunks of raw meat dangling from empty shoulders. Your buddy cries out for help, but there is none. He's as good as dead. And it's only a matter of time before you join him.



Progress was measured a yard at a time in a jungle that hid thousands of Jap soldiers.



Japs on New Britain were so firmly dug in and camouflaged that Marines saw them in most instances only after they were dead.

THIS is hell in ice water. This is where we squat submerged in a freezing creek with only our mouths and noses above water because Jap fire is so hot we can't do anything else.

This is where Pete Young takes slugs and hangs on a log and calls, "Paul . . . help me . . . Paul . . ."

His plea rips me apart, but I leave him there to die because I can't do a damn thing for him.

This is Suicide Creek.

Swift currents drag the dead downstream. Their bodies brush against our faces. Water rolls into our mouths and up our noses. It has the taste of blood. Red streaks of gore flow from the wounds of the dying and swirl near the surface like snakes with never-ending bodies.

"Paul . . . for God's sake . . ."

Slugs geyser the water around the log Pete's on. They thump into the rotted wood. Chips fly. He tries to work-himself off the log and drop into the stream, but he can't get his arms to move. Both are running blood.

And the Jap bastards are playing with his life!

Mortars are dropping everywhere. We can't even swim the twenty feet back to the opposite shore without getting clobbered. Up on the narrow slab of beach to the left sits a Marine nobody can identify at a distance. You have to read his dogtags. His head is gone.

Pete's face is all knotted up. He's pale from the loss of blood and because he knows he's going to die. Now he's sobbing. My name blubbers on his lips. He lifts his head to look at me again. His mouth works hard. Blood oozes over his lower lip.

My nose pinches up tight as I choke (Continued on page 42)

KICKS THAT KILL- OUR ORGY OF THE '60'S



High speed acceleration

By STEVE LAWTON

Even the most innocent item is being turned into a weapon of self-destruction in the search for a way-out experience that will prove a guy's not chicken, and a girl's a real live one.

INJECTING as much sarcasm as we can into the printed word, we've begun the 1960's just great. We should be real proud of ourselves.

We've reached the end of our millennium. Now the ordinary joys of living are not enough for us. Now we need a kick, thrill, an extra boost that can put us up there with Superman and the astronauts—one that can put us into a dream-world orbit that all too quickly evolves into a real nightmare of permanent physical damage, hopeless insanity or death.

The fuse on this sociological atomic bomb was lighted in the Fifties. It burned through newspaper headlines that read: "Youngster Gets High by Sniffing Gasoline." Another shocker was: "Two Youths Die in Head-On Collision. Neither Wanted to be Called 'Chicken.'" "One eye-popper that should have shocked us, but didn't, was: "Thrill-seekers Chew on Benzedrine Inhalers For Kicks." Newspapers were constantly reporting Coke-and-aspirin parties where all participants were high.



has only one climax—death.

They'll try anything for a kick regardless of its potency.

We ignored the warnings. They were simply passing fads. We told ourselves rather convincingly that there was no reason to be concerned.

Then came the explosion.

Listen to what's been happening since this decade began.

Restless spirits searching for a cheap kick discovered the intoxicating qualities of model airplane glue. Four or five tubes—at 10c each—squeezed into a paper bag and then inhaled, guarantee you the courage to take on a pack of snarling wolves.

A sniffer in Miami was caught inhaling airplane glue by his father. He dropped the paper bag, picked up a knife and threatened to kill the man.

An officer of the Miami Juvenile Bureau said, "It's common for glue-sniffers to become belligerent. They are willing to take on policemen twice their size."

In Denver in 1960 the police arrested 30 glue-

sniffers. One year later the figure had jumped to 134.

No figures are in as yet for 1962, but you can be sure they are well into the hundreds.

Robert Cooper, chief of the Street Club Project in New York City, said, "Of the 16,000 way-out adolescents we come in contact with, I'd guess that 15 per cent were glue-sniffing. It's on the increase."

And why is it on the increase? One disturbing answer was given by New York City's Assistant Health Commissioner in April of this year. Jerome Trichter said that a departmental survey of 1,746 shops in recent months showed that many of the candy, novelty and stationery stores carried model glue "far beyond any legitimate use for hobbies." The investigators discovered that 1,230 stores sold glue or cement but no other model or hobby materials.

Before you pooh-pooh the long-range seriousness of this insidious habit, read (Continued on page 21)



Pretty Parisian

Blonde Paris lovely
Darlene Charot is a
cute little bundle
of charms. Her neat
figure, pretty face
have men date-begging.







Although Darlene would like a career in show business, a sincere guy she could fall for comes first on her list.





Hell's Wizard Demands CHAINED NUDES

Satan himself stood guard over his foul disciple in hell's crypt where agony was the price of beauty.

By ANDREW BLAKE

THE townsfolk knew he was not the Devil—but what difference did that make, when the Devil was at his beck and call? It was whispered throughout Ludiers that the Duke had midnight conferences with all the familiar spirits of Hell—not the chattering familiars and lower imps or the witches one heard of, or even saw burned in a pillar of unholy smoke and much shrieking, but the Principalities themselves, Beelzebub and Abaddon, Ashtaroth and

Belial and the King of Hell himself, the fork-tailed wickedness called Satan Mekstrig.

With all these, the Duke of Ludiers (his name was simply Jean Point, but he preferred using a title to which he had no right, and which could not, according to French law and usage, even exist) had common talk, if not every night, certainly often enough. There were strange lights from his stone castle, the smell of devils if one came (Continued on page 44)



He'd watch her die with a scream on her lips.

SEPARATE



Clandestine affairs can end only in marital disaster.

SIN. SUBURBIA'S LATEST CRAZE

"Having left my bed and board," doesn't mean what it once did. The crab grass set has come up with a new gimmick to express "Individuality." They say that just so long as it's temporary, you can't really call it infidelity.

By FLOYD MARTIN

THE young suburban couple tingled with excitement. The moment they'd waited for all year had finally come. Their bags were packed and they were ready to chuck the cares of suburbia behind them.

Ann had her ticket.

Jim had his.

They waited for the cab in front of their locked up split level. For the sake of appearances, they'd leave together. And in two weeks they'd pull up in front of the house together, with no one the wiser about one salient fact:

That Ann and Jim had spent their vacations separately . . . enjoying separate sin . . . and promiscuous sex.

Jim eyed his wife of six years as she vollied her white gloves from one hand to the other. Her toe tapped incessantly. He remembered that until this moment she'd been positively tres gai about her forthcoming monotrip. Now she was champing at the bit. He suppressed a chuckle.

He drew deeply on his cigarette and said nothing. In fact, neither of them had ever said anything about where they went or what they'd done. As far as Jim was concerned, they didn't have to. He'd seen Ann packing the black lace bra and panties that she hadn't worn for his benefit in ages. He'd noticed her new perfume, an exotic aroma designed to boil a man's blood. He'd caught her trying on a gown with a décolletage that showed everything but her appendix scar.

It had been the same last year, and the year before, when he and Ann had seriously discussed divorce. Now he looked at her and said nothing, but his thoughts blasted out at her: "Watch yourself."

Ann glanced at the cigarette butts on the pavement around Jim's feet. She wanted to say, "A bit anxious, aren't you, Jim? For goodness sake, don't come home with a paternity suit to plague us. Use your head. Be careful about choosing your bed partners." But, like her husband, she said nothing.

Now, while they waited for the cab that would

start them off on their separate vacations, she studied him guardedly. When psychologists type-casted the average male suburbanite they were talking about Jim.

Ann remembered one apt description: "To her he's just the payroll, the guy in front of the TV, the guy who takes out the garbage. He has become demasculinized. She takes the male role in suburbia. She becomes head of the household. She is the supreme ruler. She is the one who makes the big decisions."

In this case, she was Ann, and she remembered the terrible arguments that used to ensue between them three years earlier—before they'd found their own solution.

Typically, Jim had backed down, complaining that he was just too pooped after swinging two jobs a day (to pay off a mortgage that ate up every second pay check) to be bothered about making important decisions and playing boss. "What's the difference who makes the decisions as long as they're the right ones?"

Ann had rebelled against the reversal of roles. So much so that their marriage teetered on the brink of a precipice. Divorce was the only answer. But fortunately—or unfortunately, depending on your moral standards—it was July, vacation time . . . and another way out presented itself.

NOW, Ann mentally winced at a too-well remembered quote of a leading sociologist: "The suburban wife, tired of her enforced masculinity as ruler of the home, seeks to be all woman again. If she's lacking in strong religious or ethical convictions, this could lead to adultery."

That was Ann. She knew her weaknesses. She knew that the only time she felt as though she was "all woman again" was when she was in the arms of a man who could dominate her. Like Jack, whom she'd met last year on her trip West. He'd made no bones about it. He was boss. And Ann had followed him around like a puppy (Continued on page 68)

INCREDIBLE PASSION DUEL OF DEB HARLOT QUEENS

By JIM McDONALD

CORT THOMPSON was sweating. He looked about as miserable as a man could. His St. Louis swifty features were screwed up into what was supposed to pass for an ingratiating grin. The attempt was feeble.

"Come on to papa, Mattie," he pleaded, holding out his arms to the strikingly beautiful auburn haired trollop who stood glaring down at him.

"Don't Mattie me, you louse!" Mattie shrieked. "And keep your hands to yourself!"

Thompson, sometime tout, sometime pimp, sometime monte thrower, heaved himself out of the needlepoint chair in Mattie's sumptuous boudoir. He'd gotten half

(Continued on page 64)



The exquisite harlot reigned as undisputed ruler of the lusting Tenderloin until trouble showed up in the form of a ravishing blonde who'd fight with her buttons and bows or six shooters.

DENVER'S



It was the best show this side of the Rockies.

SOFT BODIES

The strain of madness in the Nazi's family was in evidence now as he assumed the role of an ancient tyrant and forced Lani to bow to his craven will.

By CHUCK MCCARTHY

THE man was grim and ugly. His hands trembled. With pity, his people were the nearest playthings. He reviled around the street in which Lani Myster had been abducted. With an urgency worse of his party leaders he disclosed the female F.B.I. investigator.

"Dark devils, this is a good choice," he said after the woman clerk had left the interrogation chamber.

He touched Lani's wrist where the skin had been scratched by the lady's hands. "Dark inside the flesh was not meant to be burned. One who is faced with the ugly realities of the world comes to appreciate beauty. Certainly, Friedman, a few more of his American friends are of little consequence. They are not worth your becoming any stupid."

Lani sat rigid. Her back was turned straight against the hard surface of the chair. Little things played in her mind and surprised her.

She was amazed at how quickly she had grown accustomed to her enforced solitude. The Guepgo always reserved a suspect's privacy when they were conducting an interrogation. It was supposed to remove the last shreds of human dignity and make the subject consider instead the abstract of her torturer.

The fat man leaned closer to her, his red-tinted, contracted eyes studying the angry cigarette burn in her shoulder. He looked his lips over the black Lani Myster flanked in spite of herself.

The burn had hurt, but she had not screamed. She was proud of the fact. Being questioned by the Guepgo did strange things to one's resistance. It became very important to her that she showed that the man who pressed her ribs of flesh against her.

"You are a very lucky young woman, Friedman," he was reminded. "Do you know what I am?"

Lani shook her head. She had been told before the hour she was reported her. She wondered about him. Some of the people in the underground had said that there were Germans who were good and kind. Perhaps the fat man was better than the other Guepgo people who'd killed and cheated at her.

She remembered that it had been the fat man who'd ordered them to stop using the lighted op-

erations on Lani's skin. She diffused her back into water. She knew this was part of the Man plan. The fat man's approach would be one of total weakness. The Guepgo often used the change of pace in questioning suspects to its advantage. Let her be disturbed steadily, she would not withstand to their tricks.

The fat man's face grew red as he dragged one over-sized boot into a large mahogany desk which stood in the center of the room.

"I am Reinhard Guepgo," he started through the pulled up sheets. "I am a secret agent of the Reich. Married, married."

The fat man who called himself Reinhard Guepgo was almost normal. He appeared sharply anxious to please. He reached behind him and pulled up a small pill box. He took a white capsule under his tongue he said, "The medicines make me nervous. You understand?"

Long minutes, the fat man sat playing around his tobacco. She wondered how long the questioning would be carried out in this manner. Some of the fat Guepgo would retain in its rubber handcuffs and burning cigarettes.

"I am but one soldier in the battle against the Nazis," she told herself. "I have little enough to offer to the people who fight for our freedom. I will offer it gladly."

She wondered about the past. How much did it take before a prisoner gave in? The Guepgo would ask this. The answers would become more pronounced. As long as there was a chance of betrayal, they would work on her.

SHELL. There were more things than Spring in a shell. SHELL. not in Area Laboratory. There was the thought of having to live the rest of her life tortured by the knowledge that her life had been the shell of the American girl who even now was being used in Germany for a conference with a Soviet agent here.

Reinhard Guepgo was talking again. She didn't listen to his words. "If I make my mind black to what is happening here, they will not be able to break me." Lani's mind told her.

A small smile played at (Continued on page 42)

FOR THE NAZI'S HALL OF^{THE} LIVING DEAD



Lani writhed in fear of the madman's torch.

SEX HABITS that can YOUR

FROM the outside looking in, Mac and Ellen had an ideal marriage, so it was something of a shock when she came to me and said, "I'm leaving him."

I had known both of them since before they married—Ellen, a shapely, pretty girl, sought after by just about every young man in town; Mac, the one fellow among her many suitors who appeared to give her the security she needed.

"At first," Ellen said, "he was all I had ever hoped for in a husband. Just as he had been considerate when we were dating—not rough and overeager and always trying to 'make out'

—he was patient when we were husband and wife."

At this, I nodded, remembering how Ellen had often been upset by men who took her out and made what she regarded as improper advances.

"On our wedding night," Ellen continued, "he didn't rush me to bed, as I had feared would happen. In fact we didn't even have relations that night."

At this point, she told me that eventually they did consummate their marriage, and that, to her pleasant surprise, she found enjoyment in their relations.

Unknown to you there are many threatening shadows which can blot out all of your romantic dreams. Now an expert discusses them and gives important advice on the best ways of fighting their impact.

By GABRIEL MORRELL, M.D.

SMASH LIFE



But then, Ellen said, he became so emboldened by her encouragement, that he insisted on trying sexual techniques that she found repelled her. When she resisted, he tried to force her, and when she begged him not to be a "degenerate," he became so incensed he struck her.

Actually, as I found out from further consultations with Ellen and with Mac, what he desired did not merit being classified as a "degenerate," but nevertheless Ellen was outraged by his demands. After he struck her, they rarely exchanged a word, except to bicker, and the rift between them widened. Because Ellen saw no chance for improvement, she had just about

decided to seek at least a separation and possibly a divorce.

Mac explained what had happened this way: When he dated Ellen, he was very stimulated by her beauty and nearness, but, having sensed how suspicious she was of dates with "their minds on sex," he repressed his natural inclinations.

EVEN on his wedding night, Mac was careful not to be overeager. But once the barrier was down—that is, once Ellen had accepted his embrace and found it to her liking—all Mac's pent-up emotion (Continued on page 71)



He's a bumbling bumpkin compared to a suave continental.

I HUSTLE FOR THE \$\$\$YANKEE DOLLAR\$\$\$ Confessions Of A Paris Prostitute

By MARIE DUVAL

They may be masters of finance, but take away their wallets and my American customers become merely scared little boys.

MONSIEUR Boulevardier is a man of technique. His wiles with a woman are those of a poet—a musician.

Signor Amore is a man of fire and passion. He kindles flames which all but consume one.

Mister Etats Unis, voila. He is but a fumbling little boy filled with guilt, insecurity and nervous tension. With him a woman feels like a mother and a poule all at one time.

But ask any femme along Champs Elysee or Montmartre whom she will proposition and she will reply, "L'Americain, naturally."

Whatever other shortcomings the American may have, his wallet is the thickest. This alone has endeared him to all of my working sisters. You can forgive a lot of bragging, a lot of fumbling, a lot of crudeness when your customer has beaucoup d'argent and a willingness to spend it.

Some of the older poules learned this during the liberation of Paris. The American soldiers arrived in our city equipped with the best rifles, vehicles and rations. Their army pay was more than twice as high as the British. Whatever else a poule might say about an American, she had to admit that he was generous to a fault.

Those of us who began plying our trade later on when the Leica carrying tourist began the second invasion of Paris, found that the American had changed little. He talks big, he eats big, he spends big and he loves small. Returning to civilian clothes has done little for him.

I've heard it said that all poules hate all of their customers. It isn't true.

I am inspired by Monsieur Boulevardier.

I am thrilled by Signor Amore.

I am amused by Mr. Etats Unis.

I enjoy playing my little games with the American. One of my favorite tricks is to approach a middle aged and prosperous looking gentleman who is accompanied by his wife. (Most of the tourists do bring their wives to Paris.)

Brazenly I proposition him right before his femme. He blusters and sputters. But there is a light shin-

ing in his eye which hasn't been there for twenty years. If only he were man enough, he'd send his wife back to the George V and take his ease with me.

You know, the funny part of it is that the wife doesn't appear to resent my intrusion. She probably is delighted that a girl thinks her husband enough of a rake to carry on an affair du nuit. Sometimes I get the feeling that she would like to come along to watch. American women are as peculiar as American men.

However, a poule does not have time for games often. She must find a protecteur early because here in Paris, the competition among us is very severe.

Although I might enjoy the attentions of a Frenchman or an Italian more, I make it a practice to frequent the bistros and cafes which cater to Americans. After all, I do not walk the streets to enjoy myself. A poule must think about finances first.

To attract Americans, it is necessary to spend more than if your quarry were a continental European. Americans are extremely appearance conscious. They demand that a girl be well dressed even when they can hardly wait to get all of her clothes away from her.

Sometimes I think it's part of their feeling of guilt—you see we French have read about psychology too.

You'd be surprised how many times I have wasted valuable minutes waiting on my chaise while my American "friend" has nearly scrubbed his skin off under my shower. For some reason which is much too involved for me to understand, Americans find it admirable to reek of strong soap and breath sweeteners.

TAKE a Frenchman, he will consider himself well groomed if he bathes once or twice a week. An Italian will think nothing of eating a loaf of garlic bread and embracing a girl the very next moment.

Not mes amis, les

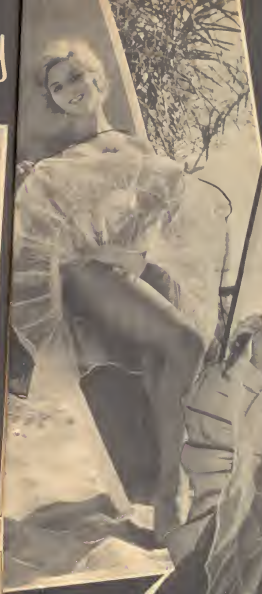
(Continued on page 48)

International Beauty



ty

A model with an international background, Lilian Tailesman, a Miss Universe contest winner is a tall green-eyed blonde.





Lilian has modeled in Paris and Rome as well as in her native Belgium. She's now in Hollywood, hopes for a career in pictures.





SWIM THROUGH YOUR OWN BLOOD

(Continued from page 19)

back my own sobs. I can't stand it any longer. Why doesn't he call somebody else?

I start out for him. A firm hand circles my arm under water and jerks me back to the comparative safety of the brush-choked bank. "Forget it, Howard."

Sergeant Mays shakes his head. I think he knows how I feel inside. Pete and I are damn close. Maybe too buddy-buddy for Marines who land on this stinking island of New Britain. It's better to be a loner here. Then you don't have to risk your butt for a guy who pleads for you to save him.

Jap slugs tear into the side of Pete's face and rip most of his head off. Bile rushes up into my mouth and that's followed by the half-cooked, C-rations I ate earlier.

The firing gets hotter. Crisscrossed machine guns and snipers. You can't see a single Jap anywhere. All you see are where the bullets hit.

Mays lifts one hand out of the water. "Downstream. Hug the beach."

We move out in a single file, hugging the shore line. Jap machine guns in their pill boxes can't touch us, but the snipers and mortars can.

We move on past the headless Marine who sits above us like a broken statue. We're in the open now, one long line of guys who are cold and wet and seared green. We can't get across to our own side until we move far down the creek.

Jap guns keep up a steady chatter. The noise is terrific. Whatever you say has to be shouted. The stink of the rotting jungle mixes with the stench of cordite and turns your guts.

"I'm hit!"

MY head snaps to Cal Haver. Blood is washing out of a mean looking shoulder wound. He sags in the water. I lift him up. Mays helps. We drag Cal across the open stretch of beach and we know damn well snipers are watching every move we make.

A guy down the line screams. His hands come up out of the water to cover his face. His blood runs down over the backs of his hands because he's choking up big globs of it. Two buddies grab him fast. He keeps screaming. He thrashes around in the water like he's in the kind of

pain that can drive you nuts. The other two can't hold him. Then he throws his head back. I can see his throat—or what's left of it. Red raw meat dangling in shreds tells me he must have caught a chunk of shrapnel. He lays back on the water as though he wants to float . . . and the current carries his dead body away.

Jerry Cohn on my left suddenly goes stiff in the water, face down. I see a thin stream of blood spiral up from his neck, then it stops. He bobbles in the water. I push him aside and the swirling water whips into him, turns him around and takes him downstream.

We move faster. Frantically. Cal is almost dead weight. He passes out and comes to three or four times. Finally, we're away from the beach and partly hidden from snipers by a thick green overhang.

We regroup in our own sector again. Carbines and the heavy weapons are stripped down and dried. Mays ambles over from the Old Man's CP with a frown on his knobby face. "One more time."

This is number four. Plenty of guys were lost on the other three tries. Our platoon is shot to hell. We're D Company—heavy weapons—3rd Battalion, 1st Marine Division. It's January 1, 1944. This is the Cape Gloucester section, western tip of New Britain.

We climb out of our holes. A bazooka team joins us. They'll catch hell as soon as the Japs see them. "Deploy along the bank and rush across at my signal," says Mays. Sure. All you have to do is run through a barrage of lead as thick as raindrops.

The green junk is thick on the other side. Tangled webs of creepers and vines and branches. You can't throw a grenade more than ten feet. Pillboxes are in that mess, but you can't see them. Snipers are everywhere and you can't see them, either.

The bazooka team goes into action now. They spot the source of a machine gun in a pillbox and let a shell go. But the earth is so soft around the position that it doesn't go off. The team fires another. Same thing happens. They move into the water, the trigger man firing the bazooka as fast as his buddy can load it. Then the Japs spray a burst of lead at them. The weapon flies off the

Marine's shoulder. He twists in the water. The other one flops on his back. They're done for.

THE diversion is what we need to make it across. I'm on my way to the opposite bank when I'm stopped cold by Pete Young's body. He's still hanging over the log. Most of him is shot away, and there are gaping holes and chunks of flesh missing from his back and shoulders.

The echo of his pleading voice swirls in my brain: "Paul . . . help me . . ."

I close my eyes and push on. His last words will ring in my ears for a long time—unless I'm scheduled to take the big one.

Sergeant Mays is crawling up the beach with a grenade in his right hand. He's under the pillbox. Soft earth falls away under his feet as he tries to climb up to the gun slot. Bazooka shells are embedded in that earth and he has to be careful not to touch them off.

At last his hand is high enough. He pulls the pin and shoves it through the slot. The explosion jolts him. He scampers back up again and tosses another grenade inside. Japs are screaming like old women. One more grenade cuts into the screams, silencing them.

We've got a foot-hold!

The platoon pours into the dense brush. Stick close. Keep contact. Shoot at any damn thing that moves in front of you. We press forward. Fifty feet. One hundred feet. What's so great about these stinking Japs? We've got them licked. One hundred and fifty feet.

All of a sudden, the whole jungle comes alive with shooting. Slugs chop the foliage and thump into the earth. The noise is deafening. We fall on our faces. Joey Curtain gets his legs cut out from under him. He rolls on the ground moaning. We're pinned down. Machine guns, small arms, grenades: Japs are throwing up a solid wall of lead and we can't even see them.

Mays is out front. He crawls backwards until he's in line with us. We're styried. Our faces are buried in the soft muck. We grind ourselves into it to avoid the bullets that sing above us.

A minute later the firing stops. Mays lifts his head, squinting into the maze. He grunts, "Smokeless powder! How the hell are you supposed to fight these bastards?"

A scream comes from our left flank. It's Gary Wintergreen. He's on his feet. A bayonet is sticking out of his back and he's bouncing

up and down and trying to work the thing out.

A Jap holding the gun blasts him out.

A Jap? Hundreds of them! They pour out of the jungle in an effort to cut us off. They are all over the place now. We squeeze off round after round. Dozens fold up, but they keep coming. Mays yells, "Back! Back!"

We drop back, firing as we go, slamming our lead into the yellow bastards who follow us.

Two Marines are dragging Joey Curtin between them. You don't leave the wounded for the Japs because you know what they do to them.

Still they come. Right with us to the beach. You drill two Japs and six take their place.

"I can't see..." I glance to the right. Dean Brownrig is fumbling around, stumbling over underbrush. The area around his eyes is black. Powder burns. Two Japs catch the trouble he's in and charge him with their bayonets.

I fire from the hip four times. They fold up at Brownrig's feet.

"I can't see..."

I grab his shirt. He raises his carbine to butt me. "Hold it!" Then I lead him back with me to the beach.

WERE in the water again. The slab of white beach is littered with our dead, but there are plenty of Jap corpses, too. Corpse men are waiting on our side to pick up the wounded. Brownrig will be okay in a few days, but we don't know about Curtin.

Mays points to a level area at the bank of the creek. "Put a thirty right there, Howard. Dig it in good. Granger, Barclay, Smith, help him."

Mays goes off to place his .50's and mortars. We strip to our waists and start digging. Granger and Barclay are weapons carriers. Right now they're exhausted from toting the .30 back and forth across the creek four times. Bill Smith's shoulder is nearly broken from carrying a heavy box of ammo.

Barclay lips a gripe at me as he listlessly scrapes off the top layer of crust with his entrenching tool. "Wish to hell I had me a couple of stripes."

"Blow it—"

"Look out!" Granger straightens fast and raises his shovel. I whirl around. Ten Japs are bearing down on us with their bayonets held high. They must have crossed the creek under water. A quick, silent kill is what they want.

Our carbines are too far away. It's

pick and shovel against razor-sharp bayonets. The clash of steel rings out loud and clear. I dodge a vicious thrust and sweep my pick up from the ground and lodge it in a Jap's groin. His lips curl back from his teeth and the scream pierces my ears.

Granger chops downward and almost decapitates a Jap. Feet pound. Guys come running from all over. Shots blast close and crumple the remaining Japs.

Lynn Barclay is flat on his back. His hands are clutching his gut. Blood stains the front of his pants. "Corpsman!" I yell it again. Two rush up with a litter. They work Barclay's fingers apart and open his pants.

I wince. Three or four inches of intestines are hanging out of the gash.

We throw the dead Japs into the creek and finish the gun emplacement. This time our carbines are within easy reach. It rains before we finish. Fresh-turned earth becomes mud. Gummy stuff that's as slippery as ice. The creek rises, half submerging the bodies that lay on the strip of beach. The rain drowns some of the stench, but it's only a temporary relief. Tomorrow's sun will cook the rotting flesh and the rotting jungle again.

Tomorrow we'll establish a bridgehead and go on to another ridge. Then there will be another valley, another creek or swamp that's neck deep. Tomorrow we'll fight the bugs that crawl into our clothes during sleep. We'll burn with the same malaria that has been with us since we landed. We'll walk on feet that are being eaten by fungus. Under a white hot sun we'll suddenly start shuddering as though we're caught in a refrigerator. Fat drops of rain will pelt us and then the whole sky will open and it'll rain so hard we'll have to shout to be heard above the roar. For the next hour or two after the cloud burst is gone we'll slog through mud until the sun dries it up.

And there will be more Japs tomorrow. They will charge our new positions, line after line of them, racing and shouting, piling up in front of our guns. The lousy stink of them will force us to push forward.

Sergeant Mays is in a sweat. "Where the hell's Sullivan?"

"Ain't seen him," Smith blurts.

Corporal Neil Sullivan, Mortarman. He's from Boston. A tall, lanky Irishman with red hair and million freckles.

MAYS slumps down in the mud and stares across the creek. Nobody speaks, but the same thoughts are in all our minds. Sullivan must have got hit when the Japs were pouring so much lead we couldn't hear him scream.

"He ain't one of them poor bastards layin' up there on the beach, is he?"

Mays shakes his head at Smith. We look across the water. No sight would be prettier than to see that big donkey stretching his bony legs for all their worth.

The rain stops. It'll be dark in a few minutes. Mays starts to climb out of our hole when a scream rises up from the jungle across the creek.

Our bellies tighten. Mays lets go with a long string of foul words. The scream comes again, this time louder, ending up with a choked voice yelling, "No... no... no..." Then a scream that's more of a shrieking sob.

My nails dig into clammy palms. Cold sweat breaks out on my face. I slip up behind the .30 caliber machine gun and Mays says, "No."

A long body comes hurtling out of the jungle and lands on the beach. It's Neil Sullivan. He's on his back and looking at us upside down. Only he's not looking.

Both eyes are gouged out of their sockets.

Mays walks away. He's shaking all over. Nobody says anything. We avoid each other's glances. We prepare our emplacement for the night. Tripod's packed with mud which will harden and keep the gun from walking if we have to fire her. Rain water is bailed out of the hole. The muddy walls are lined with leaves. We're ready for the night.

At 2100 hours the Japs do what we think is a real stupid thing. They fire tracers from their machine guns. It's pitch black. How can they possibly hit anybody?

Ten minutes later we find out why they're doing it. The drone of engines overhead freezes our blood.

"Zekes!" Granger scurries to the bottom of the hole. The whine of Jap dive bombers is ear-splitting. Their bombs explode in blinding flashes. The pilots know where to drop them. All they have to do is follow the tracers. That way they also know where not to drop them.

They scream in low and drop their loads. Pass after pass. You can't shoot back without giving away your position. The ground shakes violently under the impact of the explosions. You curl up in the bottom of your hole and get thrown back and forth by concussion.

Between the explosions you hear the awful cries of Marines who are less lucky.

"Corpsman! . . . My leg . . ."
"Get your ass over here, Corpsman. I'm bleeding to death!"

Then a fresh batch of bombs fall and covers their voices . . . and their screams.

SOME of the guys never get a chance to cry out. They don't even bleed. But they'll be found dead in their holes later. A nearby shell hole will give you the reason in one word. Concussion.

A close one dislodges our .30 and it drops in on us. Granger, Smith and myself are lying on our sides, our knees drawn up. Dirt and debris shower down on us. The flashes are like heat lightning. The screeching Zekes come in so close you think they're going to cram into the hole. You know they won't, but you tighten up and wait for their eggs to explode. And that's the real hell. Waiting. And listening. And knowing that any second now it can be all over for you . . .

At last the planes drone off into the distance. We all heave long, low sighs of relief. We're dog-tired and jumpy. Except for an occasional case of C-rations we haven't had hot chow in two months.

Dawn. Gray and steamy. Looks like rain again. Guys stir to look at the damage. Corpsmen inspect the foxholes, stop at some and lift out the dead bodies . . . or parts of dead bodies. Marine Medics are no different from anybody else. Sometimes they stare down into a hole and turn away puking. If one of them has a cast-iron stomach he'll reach down for the dogtags, otherwise they go get a doc to do it.

Marine Pioneers are building a corduroy road through the swamp behind us. The road is for tanks. The Pioneers are catching up to our advance.

Advance? We haven't gained a yard in 24 hours. But we're going to try again. This morning. Right now. Mays gives the signal and we slip down the steep bank and head for Slaughter Beach . . . where our dead still lay, twisted crazily or half buried in the sand.

Nell Sullivan is still there, still staring at us out of black eyeless sockets . . .

And Pete Young draped over the log in mid-stream . . . the rushing water echoing words that will drive me out of my mind. "Paul . . . help me . . ."

We're waist deep when we get clobbered with mortar barrage.

Heavy stuff. We sink down low to avoid the whistling shrapnel that fills the air. Pillboxed machine guns pick up every lag in the shelling, forcing us back. Guys drop out of sight in the water and bob up seconds later. Dead. Some get blown apart right there in the water and bits of flesh fly everywhere. The creek is running redder than ever. We withdraw to our bank and slip behind some hanging foliage. Our carbines are hot, but the return fire we're giving them is negligible.

We wait for a lull and then climb back up the bank and get back into our foxholes. That's number five. We'll never get across the damn creek.

A rumbling sound picks up our ears. We got tanks coming up the corduroy road. The cheering that rolls across the jungle tips off the Japs, but they can't do anything about it, anyway. The first tank that slams through the green junk gets a rollicking ovation. But it is short-lived. The treads dig in at the edge of the steep bank and then back off.

The drop is too severe. It's a natural tank trap. The banks have to be chewed up and the creek has to have some fill in it. A bulldozer is called up to do the job.

JAP snipers see the danger right away. Their slugs rip the driv-

er's face to shreds. He tumbles off the dozer and another Marine takes his place. A slug tripples his right hand. He leaps for cover. The third volunteer grinds his gears quickly and moves towards the bank. He lasts about five minutes. A bullet enters his left temple.

It's a suicide job. Nobody wants to set himself up as a live target there in the hot seat, but damn it to hell the seat is never empty for more than a minute. As soon as a guy gets knocked off somebody takes his place.

We do what we can to blast the snipers out of the trees. It isn't easy because they use smokeless powder. We spray all the trees with lead. Once in awhile a Jap's rifle flies out and then he falls in a heap at the bottom. Somehow, the bulldozer gets the job done.

It's late afternoon when the first tank rolls over the fill and across the creek. More tanks follow it. Their treads grind up Slaughter Beach, bursting the bloated bodies, growing over the pillboxes and crushing the stupid Japs that choose to stay in them.

Most of them, though, retreat. In fact, they beat it so quickly we don't have a chance to mix it with them. As frustrating as it is, at least we know that Suicide Creek is behind us.

Its nightmare is over . . . END

CHAINED NUDES

(Continued from page 27)

too close . . . and even the shrieks of the damned.

The local representative of the Inquisition was a timid man. He had enough to do in chasing down the witcheries of old women and idiot children: without riding up against so powerful a figure as Jean Point, the Duke of Ludiers.

He worked his magic, he talked with his devils—but, after all, he harmed no one in Ludiers, did he? The screams one heard at night—well, they were in truth echoes of Hell . . .

Perhaps the girl in the Duke's basement would have agreed. There was no better word for what she was suffering: these were the torments of the damned themselves, the threatened eternal punishment for sinners. This dark stone cavern, lit only with flickerings of torchlight, the stone walls sweating with moisture . . . this was certainly Hell, where her torturers wanted nothing

but her pain, and where her pain would never end.

But the girl was hardly thinking in such abstract terms. Perhaps, by now, she was not thinking at all. The ring of the Duke's laughter, harshly echoed against the stone, filled her ears, and her eyes saw nothing at all: they were filled with red haze, they were blurred with torment, and even the jerking motions she made against the ropes that held her bent backward against the giant Wheel were dazed and automatic motions of her body.

There was froth on her lips and a mark where her teeth had bitten through in a convulsion of pain. That had been the first time they had used the fire on her, the smoking torch that had been jabbed horribly against her naked body . . . an hour before. An eternity before . . . and still there was more to suffer.

The girl moaned hoarsely. Her

back was nearly broken by the backward straining of her bondage. Her feet rested on the floor, and her arms, upflung over her head, were tied to prongs set at the other side of the upright Wheel, so that her hips and shoulderblades were nearly dislocated by the tautness of the ropes and her own frantic struggles. She had been tied and then stripped, the Duke himself cutting away her ragged clothing until she lay naked before his glittering eyes.

And then the Duke and his assistant had begun . . .

The whips, the fire . . . red-hot pincers, other devices too horrible to mention. She remembered fainting—more than once, and swimming out of blackness to face the smile of the Duke, and still more pain . . .

Now her voice was nearly gone, but she heard herself still pleading: "No, please . . . no more . . . have compassion . . . on me . . ."

AND the townfolk of Ludiers heard, and whispered: "The door to Hell is again open: the Duke converses tonight with devils."

Perhaps the girl would have agreed . . . if she had been capable of any thought at all.

But there was no thought, no escape. For her, there was nothing—nothing but the constant, growing pain . . .

Jean Point knew early that he was different from other children. His own mother told him so, and there was no one to contradict her. Jean's father had died in an accident soon after his birth, and the boy was brought up by his mother alone. She lost no opportunity of telling him that he was set apart from the other children—and, in fact, he seemed to be so.

He was bright and quick, for one thing, and he had a talent for manipulation that showed itself early in little, invented tricks, part of what we would call today, four centuries later, a basic training in stage magic. He used his tricks to astonish the other children, and to surprise his mother, who took these

acts without surprise, almost complacency: she had always known how fine he would be.

Perhaps Jean tried all through childhood to surprise, to impress, his mother. At any rate, he failed—and the failure left him with a burning desire to conquer the woman to conquer any woman.

And conquest, for Jean meant

Why this was so we cannot, at distance, fully explain. Psy-

chologists have offered various theories, but there is simply no way to know enough of Jean's background, of his childhood and his early experiences, for any theory to be more than a plausible enough fiction.

The fact is that pain, and the creation of pain, soon became as important to Jean as the manipulations, the magic-tricks, which made him an impressive figure among the town youngsters.

And, as he grew older, he began to see how one could be made to serve the other.

The path he chose was a dangerous one. Ludiers was not one of the most violent cities of the French Inquisition, but it, too, was under the infection of that time, and townfolk had been burned for witchcraft in the village square, broken wretches both male and female tied to the wooden post and left to shriek in agony while the flames mounted higher.

Yet, if one played the cards right . . .

Jean faced the risk, and considered every angle of it. By the time his mother died, peacefully in her sleep one night (the year was 1557, and Jean was nineteen), he felt himself ready.

He was going to become a male witch—a warlock.

HIS magic stood him in good stead now. His father had owned a tumbledown stone castle in addition to the wooden house in town in which they lived; Jean moved into the castle and got help in fixing it up. He had a small account of money from both his father and mother now, and he knew how to get more.

The odor of Hell itself—that was easy. Ordinary sulphur, burned, gave both the odor and a few flickering blue flames. The strange lights . . . easier still, with a few hooded candles and torches, treated with chemicals to change the color of their light.

And there were other tricks, as well. Jean simply allowed the rumors to start—but they were not the normal rumors of witchcraft, the rumors that could get a man burned at the stake.

No, Jean Point (or the Duke of Ludiers, as he came to call himself—forgetting that no Dukedom for a simple town could exist in French usage) was to be no common warlock, but a person of great power, so great that the Inquisitor would be afraid to make a move against him.

And he was not to injure anyone in the town.

He had planned his move well, and all continued as he had hoped. Even the additional money which he needed was his. There were always those who were willing to pay in secret for a charm, or a potion, for a look at the fortunes of their future . . . and as long as he refused to involve himself in anything that would injure a member of the townfolk, he was quite safe.

At night he would chuckle, looking out from his window at the sleeping town. It was clear that Hell did not exist, that devils were only stupid imaginings . . . but he had created Hell for the people of Ludiers. The lights and the odors, the tricks, and the rumors . . .

And the screams of Hell itself. No one ever thought they could be anything else.

It was, the Duke decided grimly, the best of all possible jokes, the finest of all possible tricks. He had created Hell—simply to create it, in reality, for the women whose pain he needed to enjoy.

And he had succeeded, beyond danger, beyond worry.

He had elected himself the chief of all Devils.

The equipment he needed was simple enough for him to build, with a small staff of servants. And the servants, while difficult to come by, were perfectly safe.

Who, after all, would work for a man with the Duke's reputation—except someone who was somehow attracted by Hell?

And so Jean Point, Duke of Ludiers, began to entrap his victims. He wanted little from them: no more than pain and death. And they were easy to find. From neighboring towns, from packs of travelers.

His victims were always women—and they were always young.

We have no idea of how many there were. Diggings near the castle have unearthed a tumbled cache of skeletons, and at least forty separate girls have been located. But that provides only a lower limit: certainly there were more than forty, and there is no way presently to tell how many more.

Some he whipped to death, a process that took, at times, as long as ten hours of nearly constant torment. Near the end of such a torture, the girl could no longer be sane. The pain would reduce her to a mindless, shrieking bundle of raw nerves, unable even to mouth a wish for death.

The Duke was pleased by results like that. But he experimented with

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CUBAN LUST SYNDICATE

(Continued from page 17)

others crowded around to watch its penetration.

"No," Flora hissed.

"What? You heard Queva."

"He didn't say how he must die."

Flora edged the knife-wielder out of the way. "Let him die slowly, maybe with a scream in his throat."

A murmur of admiration and approval went up. Only Chi-Chi dissented. "That's asking for trouble."

"He made fools of us," Flora's hand swept across my face. A gun was shoved into my neck when I started to get up. "Because of him Queva no longer trusts us." She struck me again. "Because of him we may have to move—maybe even sit in a stinking jungle for awhile."

She struck again, this time using her nails like five sharp claws, scraping my face. "And you want him to die quickly? Hah! He'll beg for us to kill him."

Guns prodded me up the stairs. The long hall held ten or twelve small rooms. The way five of them were fixed up left no doubt as to

what they were used for. I was shoved into a windowless cubicle, a stifling room that smelled of rotted wood. A light was turned on. The women came in behind me, fanning out in a wide circle. They were somber. Those who held guns played carelessly with the triggers. Chi-Chi was disappointed because Flora wouldn't let her stick me. I suspected she'd overrule the objection the first chance she got.

My hands were tied behind my back. A gag was shoved into my mouth and a piece of cloth was wrapped around my head to keep it there. Chi-Chi took great delight in pushing me so hard that I was slammed against a wall and fell to the floor on my face.

A pointed shoe dug into my side, then another. A heel was ground into my back, twisting the skin up tight so that it felt like a knife thrust. Each of them took a crack at me, enjoying the punishment they rendered.

The gist of their animated con-

versation was that Queva would never know I was up here, that they could keep me as long as they liked . . . or as long as I lasted.

So they took all of their hatred out on me.

When I took this assignment I knew that one slip would mean death. That I was still alive was due only to a fantastic piece of luck. That I'd walk away from this mess called for more of the same kind of luck, and nobody had a right to expect that much of it.

The women stopped to catch their breath. Their flesh glowed with moisture. Maguena had slipped out of her abbreviated costume and was waiting to see my expression when I acknowledged the fact that she was nude.

I refused to give her the satisfaction of looking. I got to my feet and examined the back of my leg where the knife had gone in. The blood was coagulating.

Maguena stood closer, moving her hands over her body and sneering at me. "More ways than one to torture a man, eh, gringo?"

I gave her a disgusted look. She ignored it and moved in closer, pressing herself against me, her hands sliding over my shoulders and back. She squeezed my muscles and I could see a fire come into her eyes. Her mouth opened slightly. "Hard as nails." Her eyes closed and she was breathing heavier. I felt her hands trembling.

"Hey, Maguena, who are you torturing—him or yourself?"

THE question and the giggles that followed it snapped her out of her passionate reverie. She laughed along with the others. For an encore she gave me a vicious slap in the stomach. She shook her hand, prodding my stomach muscles with the other. "Why can't we have clients like this one?"

"Rich ones are always soft."

"All right, all right," Chi-Chi said impatiently. "Can I kill him now that we've had our fun?"

"I heard no scream in his throat." "He hasn't begged us to kill him yet."

Chi-Chi threw her arms up in exasperation. "Fools!" She went into a tirade, but strangely, her words seemed far away. The room started to spin. I suppose the effects of the blood loss and the beating were catching up to me now. I remembered sinking to my knees. A hand grabbed my hair and jerked me forward. I didn't remember hitting the floor . . .

The heat was oppressive when I

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woke up. I was alone. Voices filtered up through the ancient wood floor. A sliver of daylight came through a crack. I worked my way to it and pressed my eye to the rotted-out 'knothole.'

The girls were prancing around half naked, same as they had been last night. They were cleaning up, as far as I could tell. Washing glasses, setting up the bar, sweeping out the debris after a wild night.

The gag in my mouth was like a ball of dry cotton. My arms were stiff and sore. The rope tied around my wrists felt sticky. I must have tried to work loose in my sleep and drew blood. I glanced at the leg wound. A thick scab covered the gash.

Someone was running. I looked through the small knothole, caught a glimpse of Pacida fitting by. She was a cute one, but deadly. My dossier on her said she once stabbed a guy in the throat because he tried to renege on paying after a roll in the hay.

She was saying now, "Queva is coming."

Groans went up. Flora said, "He never comes at this time of day unless he has bad news."

Heavy heels pounded across the floor like gun shots. "How long was

that gringo hanging around here?"

"Three weeks, Queva. What did your contact say?"

Flora's answer was a smash on the side of her face. She squealed in pain and fear and stumbled backwards. Queva stood over her, his fists clenched. "Your stupidity can get you hung."

"But... he was only a drunk... I didn't think..."

"You let him drink here night after night. You never questioned him. You let him observe us."

Sobbing, Flora blurted, "You saw him too, Queva."

"Silence! It's not my job to interrogate drunks."

Men were moving across the floor now, carrying crates that were heavy. The lid was lifted off one of them and I saw Czech weapons, pistols, machine guns and hand grenades.

Queva said, "He was probably a government man. My contact told me that agents work incommunicado for one month. If headquarters doesn't hear from them at the end of that time, they investigate."

QUEVA's heels clicked sharply as he paced the floor. "Tonight we will move out. You will salvage what you can. I want the telephone

number of every free-spending client who comes in here." He stopped under the knothole and jammed his fists into his hips. "You will tell them not to come here anymore. You will contact them when we have set ourselves up at a new location." Heels clicked towards the door. "Tonight you will make them drool. Your finale will have them panting. Make them remember you!"

"The guns, Queva? Why?" The question was asked by Lola Perez. She was a statuesque Latin who once killed a lover in a quarrel.

Queva said, "In case we have to fight. Guards will be posted tonight. You'll have time to get away before the shooting starts." The door slammed.

It was so quiet below I could hear flies buzzing in the sunlight. Queva's presence had a telling effect. I had no record on him. He sounded educated, undoubtedly was a Soviet-trained Cuban.

For the next few hours I was forgotten completely. The women were packing their clothes and getting the place ready for one last night with their clients.

The heat in this airless room was unbearable. Sweat rolled off me. I choked on the gag and my wrists

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It was Maguena. The element of surprise was on her side. She flipped Chi-Chi over her hip and then fell on her, grabbing the knife and forc-

My arms dangled at my sides. Maguena was doing all the work. She stopped suddenly and glared up at me. "Make love, gringo, or I'll kill you!"

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I sneered at her. The hammer went back and I saw her face drain itself of blood. I didn't like the way she stared now. My hands went to her back and moved slowly across her spine. She relaxed. The queer expression was gone. "You don't know how close you came to being a corpse."

I think I did. I gave her what she wanted. It was probably the only time in my life when I felt degraded by the act.

Twenty minutes later I was trussed up as before, gag and all, and left to sweat in the suffocating room.

It was dark now. Lights were on downstairs and the women were sitting around waiting for their clients to show up. The guards came in for a drink, but didn't linger. Quevra was not to be seen. Finally, the party got under way. I'd witnessed the same thing night after night for three weeks. A few transients would come in, see what was going on, and leave in disgust. There'd been many a night when I wished I could do the same. But in my role as a slobbering drunk, such things weren't supposed to bother me. Tonight there were no transients. The party was strictly a private one for those who were liberal with their wallets. And it was more of an orgy tonight than it had ever been before. Oddly enough, this time I was privileged to walk away from it, and I did.

FOR the one hundredth and first time I checked the door by backing into it and jerking on the knob. For the one thousandth time I tried to get the rope loosened. I'd applied pressure to every inch of all four walls searching for one soft spot that might offer an escape.

I went through the whole monotonous procedure again. Time was running out fast. As soon as the party was over the women would finish me off and leave. They'd make damn sure I was dead before Quevra showed up.

I became panicky. I tried kicking the door down. There was so much noise downstairs that nobody heard me. If I didn't have this damn gag in my mouth I'd scream my head off. I jumped up and down on the floor, hoping that some of the men under me would hear it and look up, or at least question the girls or do something.

The party* was going hot and heavy, but it wouldn't last all night. Sooner or later they'd leave. I'd watch them go and again my hopes would go with them.

I sagged to the floor, exhausted



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I whirled. The three women were in Flora's office picking up hand grenades from a wooden crate and hurling them at me.

But they'd neglected to pull the pins!

I shielded my face from the flying grenades, selected one and pulled the pin. "Stupid putas, you do it like this."

I threw it at them.

They watched it coming, too stunned to take cover. I flew around the stairs and flattened myself fast. The explosion damn near brought the

whole house down on top of me. All of the Czech ammo went up in one terrific whoosh.

The dust hadn't settled when Queva pushed his way through the front door. He held a .45 in his hand. He didn't see me on the floor and covered with dust and debris. In fact, I was barely able to see him. Everything was beginning to blur up.

Queva had a nice clean white suit on.

It was the second one I'd stained with blood that day. . . . **END**

SOFT BODIES

(Continued from page 23)

her trembling lips. Things remembered flitted before her vision.

Once again she stood in the open field watching the American Mustang trailing a long plume of smoke as it raced northward. As she squinted into the dying sun, she saw the billowing cloud of nylon and the lanky figure of the pilot dangling in the harness.

In a matter of seconds the man was on the ground, fighting the shroud lines to spill the air from the chute. Without thinking of the danger, she was beside him, working furiously to collapse the huge white umbrella.

"Much obliged, m'am," the American said.

She'd placed her slim finger to her lips. "No time for talk," she'd whispered breathlessly. "The Volksturm will surround the place. They follow the bullet decree. One must be away from here."

The American didn't question her fluent English nor the urgency of her words. He followed her automatically for a step or two and then he had collapsed onto the ground, his face contorted by pain.

"Lousy ankle," he'd gritted. "Don't know whether I broke something or not. It just won't hold me up."

From a hidden reservoir of strength, Lani had managed to lift the man to his feet and swung his arm over her slender shoulders. Looking like a couple of children participating in a sack race, they had somehow managed to make it to the small house at the side of the road.

The door had scarcely closed behind them when they heard the distant growl of motorcycle engines. "Volksturm bastards!" a man said behind them.

The American pilot whirled swiftly, his hand darting towards his bolstered .45.

A slow grin of recognition and acceptance spread across the pilot's face at the sight of Max Bruner. Bruner was at once a comical and a terrifying figure. The livid scar which ran across his cheek gave his mouth the appearance of carrying a perpetual sardonic smile. He was built along slim lines, but there was no mistaking the corded sinews which stood out on his bare arms.

Bruner stood at the window parsing his nails with the tip of a hunting knife. He watched the two Waffen SS men racing past the small house.

"It is all right, my friend," Bruner finally said. "They do not suspect as yet. I suppose I play the role of the Nazi informer well enough to keep the wolf away from our door, eh Lani?"

Lani's smile was brief. The American pilot studied it, saw the way it wrinkled her pert nose and made the lights in her eyes blaze.

"I appreciate what you are doing for me," the pilot said. "But I don't want you to take any unnecessary risks on my account. I could give myself up to these Volksturm people. That might be the simplest way."

"Do that, my friend," Max Bruner cut in. "Do that and see what they will do to you. They have their orders from the Luftwaffe itself. All American pilots are to be executed."

THE fiercer didn't press the argument. He allowed himself to be led to the stuffy wine cellar of the house. There as he sat on a rickety cot set behind a group of packing cases, he devoured a bowl of cabbage soup Lani brought him.

It was between gulps of the hot liquid that Lani Meister had learned about her guest's background. He was Lt. Jack Morrison, 314 Fighter Squadron, Eighth Air Force; hometown, Lubbock, Texas, preferences, working oil rigs and jitters-bugging.

They had chatted gaily, the way a young man and woman do. Their conversation had turned serious as Lani had told him of her life under the Nazis, of her family scattered to the four corners of the Reich.

"One cannot tell where they are. 'My parents were recruited for a work battalion. The Gestapo told them that if they volunteered, my sister and I would not have to leave Arlon.' However it hadn't been two months after the weeping family farewell that Lani's sister had disappeared.

Lani had gone to the Gestapo to plead for news. They had listened impassively and shrugged their shoulders. "We are sorry, Fraulein. There are no records. She may be visiting in another city. We are not a missing persons bureau, you know. There is absolutely nothing we can do to help you in your search. Now don't take up any more of our time."

There never were any records of women being forced into the field-hunt units to service Nazi personnel. They merely disappeared under cover of night and never were heard from again.

Jack Morrison had listened to her story. His face had grown grim and he'd touched her hand in an attempt to brush away the hurt.

He wasn't the first American flier who had been spirited into Max Bruner's basement. But he was different. He was one Lani felt she wanted to talk to rather than joke with. His feelings were not all on the surface. He wasn't brash. He didn't have a compulsion to talk. He could listen quietly and make his sympathy understood with the touch of his hand.

On subsequent visits to the cellar, Lani found a new sensation growing within her. The only men she had known were the Waffen S.S., who had made her pay for her continuing freedom by submitting to their depraved lust.

With them it had been necessary to close one's eyes and try to blot out the horrifying image of what was taking place.

Jack Morrison made all that seem far away like some half-remembered nightmare.

The first time with Morrison had been unexpected. He had been limp-

ing around the cellar, gingerly testing his injured ankle.

"I think I'll be able to move around on this soon," he'd grinned. "Max tells me once I can, he can get me up to Ostend."

"We'll get you there," Lani had said, anxious to make certain that Morrison regarded her as something more than a cook. "But do not be in too much of a rush. The leg is still not what it should be."

"Why look, Lani, I can practically dance a jig on it." He'd grabbed her around the waist and whirled her into the air. His hands were sure and she felt the excitement of their touch exploding within her.

BUT Morrison's leg had not been as strong as he'd believed and they'd collapsed in a laughing tangle of arms and legs on the cot.

Lani's skirt had twisted around her waist. She'd felt Morrison's fingers brushing the nakedness of her thighs. Quickly she had seized his wrists, holding tight for just an instant. Then the instinctive womanly resistance had melted. Her own fingers had relaxed. Morrison's eager arms had encircled her hips, crushing her body to him. She'd felt the corded muscles of his forearms. Her breasts pressed against his chest.

Without a word, Lani had guided him to the fasteners of her dress, then to the hooks at the back of her pink bra and finally to the thin elastic which held her delicate panties in place.

She thought of Morrison now and wondered where he might be. Watching the gross face of the man who called himself Reinhard Goering, she wondered whether Morrison and Max Bruner had been apprehended or whether the R.H.S.A. section of the Gestapo was merely on one of its fishing expeditions.

She weighed the evidence carefully. When the Nazis went in for street corner roundups as they had only a few hours ago, it meant that they had no real clues to go by. These were typical Gestapo tactics. Bring everybody in. Torture all of your prisoners. One of them knows something. As for the others, they will never be missed. Less mouths to feed, less danger of potential resistance activities.

"They don't know the whereabouts of the American," Lani told herself. "Otherwise I would not be just one of fifteen women herded into a van and brought here. They couldn't possibly know." The thought added to her burden.

The man called Reinhard Goering

studied her. "My dear Fraulein," he began again, "you are a diabolically attractive young woman. And I am a man of fine tastes. Because of this, I have arranged for your transfer. You will not have to wear coarse prisoner's garb. You will be conducted to Special Stalag 182 where I am in sole charge. You must consider yourself quite fortunate."

His pudgy hand moved to a key on the desk. It lingered along the circumference of her arm as he unlocked the cuffs which held her. Experimentally, he touched the flatness of her stomach. Lani held her breath, trying to hide her reaction to the loathsome caress.

The hours which followed were a surrealistic tableau of all that was bizarre and demented in the Nazi mind.

They took Lani back to her cell and returned her clothes to her. Reinhard Goering stood fascinated by the sight of her redressing. Then with six other young women—all strikingly beautiful—she was conducted to a barred Gestapo van and heard the door snap shut behind her.

THE ride seemed interminable. Several times the van left the road and Lani could hear the muffled roar of aircraft overhead followed by the whump whump of explosions.

Finally the van stopped and blinking in the bright daylight, Lani Meister was marched into a castle like structure which stood precipitously at the edge of a large cliff.

Hard faced guards marched the women down a long flight of steps into the very bowels of the building. The corridors had the dank muskiness of the tomb and were lit by flickering torches.

Unceremoniously Lani was shoved into a small cubicle and the iron door was slammed shut. There was no possibility of communication with the other prisoners through the thick stone walls.

The hours dragged by. Gnawing hunger and fear entwined in Lani's stomach. For some reason, she had been singled out for special treatment. Did it have to do with the search for the American or was there some even more diabolical purpose for what was taking place?

When the answer came, Lani was totally unprepared for it.

The cell door clanged open and Lani was blinded by the flaming torch which cast its eerie light through the cell. In spite of the mounting peril she felt, Lani could not suppress the hysterical laughter which bubbled from her lips.

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The man called Reinhard Goering stood before her, dressed in a replica of a Roman toga. One flabby shoulder and the roles of flab of his torso stood bare to her view.

He had rouged his cheeks to give them an unhealthy reddish tinge. His lips were compressed with anger and the pinpoints that were his pupils traveled over her young body.

"Fraulein, believe me you will find nothing to laugh about," he grunted as he moved towards her. "No one laughs at the second cousin of the Reich Marshal. I am a Goering. That entitles me, just as it entitles my Cousin Hermann."

The man was hopelessly mad. The sweat of his insanity oozed from every pore. He lurched forward, his paled hands hooking in the neckline of Lani's dress.

Trembling with terror, the girl jammed her knee into the madman's groin. She heard him gasp. Immediately she was seized by two guards who had charged through the door. Violent pain shot through her arms as they were twisted behind her. Inexorably she was forced forward into the corridor and towards a huge room.

Her cry of agony and disbelief was pitiful as she saw the array of glass coffins with their macabre contents.

Each coffin contained the figure of one of the young women who had shared the van trip with her. Their arms had been carefully folded over their naked breasts. They had been stacked like so many cords of wood.

In the center of the room, two grotesque looking figures sat ensconced in throne-like chairs. Their beady eyes took in every movement of Lani's struggling, almost naked body. They wore the insignia of standartenfuhrers.

By now the man called Reinhard Goering had recovered his aplomb. He minced around Lani, touching the sheer silk of her pink silk panties, letting his eye rove

over the swelling, agitated upthrust of her breasts in the tight confines of their bra.

A small gnome with a huge hump on his back pranced around a low slung wooden table, testing straps and ropes.

He barked a series of high pitched orders. The guards who held Lani lifted her high in the air and let her crash to the table's splintery surface.

Immediately her arms and legs were seized and strapped to the table. A cruel rope was twisted around her throat, almost completely cutting off Lani's air supply.

Through it all, she saw the impossibly grotesque figure of Reinhard Goering leering down at her. Spittle flecked his lips. The cord-like arteries in his head throbbled with an increasing tempo. His addict's eyes drank in the twitching spasms of Lani's helpless body.

His giggle was high pitched. With diabolical delight he moved the torch ever closer. Its first kiss tore a heart rending shriek of pain from Lani's lips. She thrashed against her bonds, heaving her body upward, arching her back, fighting the ropes which held her.

"I am Reinhard Goering," her tormentor cackled. "I have the rights given me by the Reich Marshal himself. Cousin Hermann has his Karin Hall, very well, I will have my own edifice.

Through the waves of agony which tore at her nerves, Lani knew the truth and it almost made her happy. The entire Gestapo roundup had been for no military purpose. It had been designed merely to give this maniac a chance to pick and choose his victims.

Only the young and the beautiful would find their way to Reinhard Goering's lair. The rest would be committed to the labor gangs and the concentration camps.

"I will be somebody!" the fat man shrieked. "I will be as important as the Reich Marshal. I am just like him. I have rights."

The other Nazis looked knowingly at each other. But they made no move to stop the fat man's abominations. They realized he was a lunatic, but just possibly there was an element of truth in his pretensions of kinship to the Reich Marshal. It would not be well to investigate the matter too thoroughly. Strange transfers could be issued under the right circumstances.

Besides, there was some interest for them in watching the pain ridden spasms of a lovely young girl who lay completely denuded before

them. After all, hadn't they taken a blood oath to join the R.H.S.A.—an oath which swore all signs of weakness? Wasn't being able to withstand the sights and sounds of torture a reaffirmation of the oath?

The flaming torch continued its journey over Lani's flesh. Her mind whirled in a multi-colored sea of agony. She screamed until her voice was merely a hoarse rasp.

At last, just as the pounding of her heart told her she must die of exhaustion, she saw the needle coming towards her. She felt herself sinking slowly into a black veil. Rough hands cut away her fetters and she felt the coldness of the glass pressing up against her recumbent back.

She was still conscious but unable to move as the fat man bent over her, arranging her hands in the position of death. The way he fondled her showed his perverted morbidity.

Fighting to breathe, Lani saw them placing the heavy glass lid over her. There was only the smallest opening for air between the lid and the sides of the coffin.

ENTOMBED as she was, Lani could not hear the roar of the onrushing planes. Drugged as she was, she couldn't feel the bomb con-

cussions. She could not see the stone walls cracking, nor the torture table being hurled through the air to crash with a sickening thud into the fat man's head.

She knew of none of these things nor the lightning raid of the Resistance group which moved into the castle under cover of the Allied bombing to carry out its rescue operations.

For weeks after, Lani hid in a small house not two kilometers from Max Bruner's. Slowly her strength came back to her. But even when it did, she refused to reveal the details of her experiences. "One would only consider me mad," she told Bruner.

Often she thought about the American and whether he had made good his escape.

She received her answer several months later when the first shock troops of the Canadian First Army had blasted their way East and a forward air strip was constructed

outside of Arlon by the Eighth Air Force.

A young pilot, wearing the emblem of an American Flag on the sleeve of his leather jacket drove his jeep into her front yard.

His grin was big and friendly and his appraisal of Lani was just slightly hard up. He was unhappy that Lani Meister was not just another liberated girl who'd do anything for one G.I., chocolate bar and a pair of silk stockings.

But the feeling changed as he handed her the note from Jack Morrison and watched the tears run unashamedly down her cheeks.

Finally she folded the note and slid it under the bodice of her dress. "No matter how long it takes, I will wait," she whispered.

"The pilot with the flag on his sleeve tapped his overseas cap briefly with a finger. "I guess that takes care of the favor I owe Morrison," he said as he drove away.

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SEPARATE SIN

(Continued from page 29)

dog, jumping through his hoops and loving it!

After that vacation with Jack, Ann could not allow herself to be touched by her weak, ineffectual husband. Jim had tried half-heartedly to draw her close to him. But she couldn't respond. Jack had fulfilled her in every way. He was a man's man. She would not settle for anything less.

Besides, she secretly guessed that her husband's attempt at love making was prompted by the memory of his own recent affair—one that had undoubtedly restored some of the masculinity he'd lost in his own marriage bed.

Ann was right. Jim wouldn't admit it, of course, but he'd had a hell of a time with a girl named Lois, and had her in mind when he reached for his wife!

Ann took out a cigarette and tapped one end on her thumb. Across the street Ruth came out of the garage carrying a lawn edger. She waved to the couple, voiced her hope that they'd have fun, then began the laborious chore of edging her spacious lawn.

Ann snickered. There was a relationship that made her own seem pallid. Joe always came home late. He never bothered to give Ruth an excuse and she never bothered to ask for one. She hardly deserved one because of her own extra-marital activities in a local motel with a "friend."

Neither cared that the other knew of the so-called clandestine affairs, nor did they care that their neighbors knew about them.

Ann could understand Ruth's viewpoint more readily than she could Joe's. Ruth had hungered for someone to lean on. She'd found that someone when she'd called in her oil man to overhaul her heater. They'd spent an hour in the basement discussing Ruth's home problem of proper heating. The conversation was lively, intelligent. The oil man returned the following day and Ruth poured out more problems for him to solve, most of them dealing with subjects far removed from oil and heating.

Ruth had a confidant now, someone to make decisions for her. The oil man invited her to lunch, then to his home—when his wife was out. Now, in the privacy of a motel

room, he was solving Ruth's sex problem.

Ann was sympathetic, but considered Ruth a dope. Ann had had an identical opportunity when she decided on adding a dormer. The foreman of the construction company doing the job was tall, good looking and easy to talk to. And he was quick to sense Ann's need for a man.

His eyes glowed as they lingered on her shorts-and-halter-clad body. He spent more time with her in the kitchen than he did supervising his men. He made an overture, was rebuffed, tried again and was again squelched. Ann was tempted to say, "If you and I were 500 miles from here we'd get along famously. But here, you're just wasting your time."

THAT was when Ann decided on separate vacations. Yes, it was Ann's decision—simply one more in an endless parade of them. Like so many other suburban housewives, Ann wanted her cake and to eat it.

Some wives anxious for extra-marital play use the subtle approach on their husbands. "This is your chance to do all the fishing you want, dear."

Others, like Ann, are more frank: "I don't give a damn what you do for two weeks, just don't pry into what I've done."

Ann was aware of the fact that psychiatrists have a fixed notion that a desire for separate vacations must have a neurotic basis. They warn of trouble ahead when a man and woman find separate vacations relaxing or stimulating.

Certainly, she agreed, there was nothing quite so stimulating as spending two weeks in the arms of a man like Jack. But she did not consider herself a neurotic simply because she had spunk enough to demand what was her right as a woman.

It was quite the reverse, and these psychiatrists, she knew, were wrong in their theories. The fact that she could get away for a small part of each year was the very reason she was able to hold her marriage together. Without the respite, Ann knew she and Jim would have become a divorce statistic long ago.

Why won't Ann and her subur-

banites chuck their sheep-like mates and marry the men with whom they sought affairs? The answer is not at all complex. Suburban women are hard-headed realists. Their men have made it to the top or near top in their chosen fields. The average income lies somewhere between \$8,000 and \$20,000 a year. A wife has only to snap her fingers to get a new car, a dishwasher or a remodeled kitchen. In all financial respects, her cup runneth over.

Compare their husbands with the local Romeos who deliver milk, pump gas or fix oil burners. All of them know suburbia and its women better than do the absentee husbands, but none can match their annual earnings.

As one psychologist put it, "Don't forget, the local lover is on a lower economic level than the husband, but in back of his mind is the thought: 'Here I am sleeping with a woman who is the wife of a very successful business man!'"

Ann is a member of the growing cult of "separatists" in suburban America. She is adamant in her desire to get away from her husband in spite of the deluge of learned statements about family "togetherness" which are designed to make her feel like a heel.

TRAVEL agents say that women clients express no remorse, guilt or blushing shame when they make arrangements for a solo trip, although many feel they owe an explanation. The usual pitch is that the breadwinner is simply too busy to take time off from work. Sometimes it's extremely difficult for the women to keep from winking slyly.

Now, Ann and Jim loaded their luggage into the cab and drove off. Ruth stopped edging her lawn to look after them, wondering why her own marriage couldn't have been as sublime as Ann's.

In the cab, the couple sat back and relaxed. They were off on another separate adventure and both of them were pre-occupied with thoughts about who would be their paramours this year.

Ann hoped she'd meet another man like Jack.

Jim wanted to meet a girl like Lois. He'd told himself last year, "Maybe my wife doesn't love me, but Lois does. She thinks enough about me to sleep with me." Lois was a great ego-rebuilder.

In any event, they knew one thing for sure.

They were both going to enjoy two weeks off with play. END

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self-destruction. For one thing, glue and cough medicine can be sold across the counter. Neither are classified as narcotics and therefore they are powerless to act. And in spite of the fact that police successfully crack down on dope peddlers, they find that the goof ball fills the gap for the beginner addict deprived of his fix and actually becomes more of a menace.

"Barbiturates are replacing marijuana as the first step toward addiction," says one Chicago narcotics official.

A report from a Senate subcommittee headed by Senator Thomas J. Dodd pointed to strong evidence of a relationship between the use of such drugs and teenage arrests for criminal violence and sex perversions.

But don't be misled into believing that youngsters have a corner on the "kick" market. Adults have been playing the game of "taking the kick that kills" since the days of the Roaring Twenties when they drank rotgut that blinded some and killed others.

More recently, in early May of this year, some 50 derelicts on New York's Bowery killed themselves by drinking denatured alcohol. At least 35 more were made seriously ill by the lethal liquid. The mass poisoning started on a Sunday, when liquor stores were closed. The men couldn't wait a day, so they went to a hardware store and bought pint cans of alcohol that were clearly marked "specially denatured solvent," and bore a skull and crossbones. An unfounded theory had spread through the Bowery that wood alcohol might be drunk without harmful effects if it was diluted or strained through a hat or a piece of bread. Approximately 75 men learned a bitter truth the hard way.

Moonshining is a business that ranks with gambling and dope as a major source of revenue to organized crime. An estimated 200,000 persons are involved in this criminal network.

They sell deadly poison. Investigators discovered some time ago that "white lightning" is becoming more and more toxic because of poor distilling equipment, that the lead salts contained in much of the illicit liquor can result in paralysis, blindness and death.

Yet the product is not only consumed in the hills and swamps of Southern states, it is transported to Chicago, Detroit, New York and other Northern cities by well-organized gangs of bootleggers.

Not all of the "shine" is marked

for export. In Atlanta alone, an estimated 6,500 gallons a day are sold to some 5,000 "nip" joints.

Another 5,000 gallons a day goes to Birmingham, Alabama.

One Southern city has approximately 1,200 "crack joints" (private home) where "white mule" is sold by the drink. Derelicts more dead than alive shuffle in and out of these "crack joints" like zombies. Bootleggers are proud of their sale of 7,000 gallons per day to that city.

In one other metropolis recently, 50 persons died of the effects of moonshine and another 350 were hospitalized.

FEDERAL and state governments figure they are being cheated out of one billion dollars a year by moonshiners. But Edward J. Azas, administrator of the Alabama ABC Board says, "My feeling is that the Federal government regards enforcement from an economic viewpoint rather than regarding the production of moonshine as part of the over-all crime picture. Viewed realistically, the loss of revenue might be considered minor compared to the criminal situation that leads to corruption, violence and murder."

The promiscuous sex kick with its evil partner venereal disease is another switch where we were caught asleep.

Take the year 1959, for example. There were over 4,000 deaths due to syphilis in that year. This is a reported number. Include the doctors who tried to avoid writing the shameful word on death certificates and you'll come up with a figure appreciably higher.

In the years 1959 and 1960, Washington, Boston, Houston, Los Angeles, Chicago and San Francisco reported increases of up to 200 per cent in cases of infectious syphilis.

New cases of syphilis rose 818 per cent in New Orleans.

The country as a whole reported an increase of 23 per cent in 1958 and 1959.

In 1960 a rise of 72 per cent was reported throughout the country.

Dr. William J. Brown, chief of the VD branch to the United States Public Health Service said, "The rise is absolute in every category across the country—male and female, poor and rich, young and old, Negro and white, urban and rural."

T. Leroy Richman of the American Social Health Association estimated that there is probably more VD among people under 20 than ever before in the history of the country.

Public-health authorities say now

that instead of the reported 378,000 cases in the United States in 1959, the actual figure was closer to one or two million.

To effect a cure for gonorrhea in 1943, 100,000 units of penicillin were considered sufficient. Today the average dose is one million units, with many doctors injecting more than two million. In Japan 30 per cent of the gonorrhea cases failed to respond even to massive doses of penicillin. Doctors in England are discovering that failures are becoming more and more frequent.

Those who have sought the kind of kick that promiscuous sex can give them are learning that the "sure cure" wonder drugs are not doing the job expected.

Too many are learning the awful truth flat on their backs in hospital beds.

In Los Angeles a young driver sped through a red light and hit an elderly couple in a safety zone. The man died; the wife suffered irreparable brain damage. When asked why he was speeding and why he hadn't tried to avoid the couple, the young man said, "I was so damn mad at my girl friend for dating someone else . . . I felt I just had to take it out on someone."

In Plattsburg, New York this year two youths killed an auto salesman so they could joyride in a white convertible he was selling.

The "thrill" of stealing a car is growing among the young. J. Edgar Hoover said recently that if something isn't done to prevent teenagers from stealing cars, "some 96,000 youths will be arrested for auto thefts by 1970."

Typical is the youngster in Westchester County, New York who was clocked by state troopers on Merritt Parkway at 85 miles per hour. He explained to his parents later, "I didn't want to go that fast, but the other guys were with me. They wanted to know if I'd ever gone over 50. I knew they thought I was chicken. They didn't say so, I could just feel it. So I went up to 80, then 70. They were smiling now. I felt admired and exhilarated. Then I hit 85, and the cops came."

All of these off-beat kicks that kill are glaringly indicative of the tidal wave of wanton self-abuse and self-destruction that is our unhappy lot in the 1950's.

They are also indicative of how too many of us regard our lives. In a word:

Cheeply!

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DENVER'S HARLOT QUEENS

(Continued from page 31)

way across the room when he saw his paramour's white hand dart into the pocket of her skin-tight skirt and flash out again, holding a very lethal looking six shooter.

Cort Thompson froze on the spot. "Now Mattie, what the hell you want to do that for? What's that going to accomplish except getting a rope around your neck. Believe me, Mattie, honey. I ain't worth it."

"You ignorant little bastard, you let me decide whether you're worth it or not," Mattie shouted. She leveled the six shooter at a spot between Thompson's eyes. He sucked in his breath and his Adam's apple bobbed wildly with the force of his swallowing.

"Mattie, you know there isn't another woman in Denver I'd look at," Thompson whined. "Why, haven't I always been good to you?"

The gun wavered for a moment. A soft film clouded Mattie Silk's vision. Whatever else he was, Cort Thompson was her man.

"I wouldn't give a damn if it had been another woman," she whispered. Her voice was soft and husky. "That I could understand. But a pig like Katie Fulton. How could you do it with a slob like that?"

"I was drunk, blind drunk, Mattie. I didn't know I was with her until I woke up the next morning. You know how those things are. You've got to listen to me Mattie. You've got to understand."

"I'm listening to nothing, you little twerp. I'm telling you. If I ever catch you with that trollop again, I'm going to make Swiss cheese out of you. Now, damn your eyes, I'm going to show you what being with a real woman is like."

As she talked, Mattie Silks pocketed the six shooter. Her fingers flew to the buttons of her dress. Swiftly she divested herself of the garment, letting it and the gun clank to the floor.

Even in his state of shock, Cort Thompson felt the pulse pound in his head at the sight of his paramour who now stood before him clad in her waist-cinching corset. Sweat ran in little rivulets down his cheeks as he studied the full upthrust of her breasts, the flatness of her belly and the flaring softness of her ample hips. He tried to look her straight in the eye, but

somehow his gaze fell to the silken covered symmetry of her legs.

"You're the only woman for me, Mattie," he stammered as the auburn haired beauty stepped into his arms.

Because Cort Thompson was a fool, he hadn't counted his blessings. He was getting for free what every other rake in Denver was forced to pay through the nose for—the uninhibited ministrations of the Queen City's most important and beautiful madame. Yet he had fallen prey to the lust of Mattie Silk's arch rival for the title, Empress of the Bagnios.

When it was over, Mattie clutched her errant lover to her naked body. "Now you've been with a woman, isn't it better than with that heifer, Katie Fulton?"

"I ain't arguing the point," Thompson muttered just before he rolled over on his back and began snoring.

THE feud between Mattie Silks and Katie Fulton had been threatening to explode into violence for months. Before Katie Fulton had arrived on the scene, Mattie had reigned supreme over the red light district of the Queen City.

Mattie had merchandised a flair for the melodramatic into the most lucrative operation in Colorado. Once, as a young girl, she had seen a copy of a Reubens' portrait of Marie De Medici. The experience was to have a profound impact on her outlook.

Immediately after, Mattie had designed herself a replica of the costume which had adorned the Italian beauty. It consisted of a long velvet cloak and train which was worn over a skin tight bodice with turned up collar.

Mattie had added two special additions of her own. Her garment contained two very ample pockets. One she used to contain the gold pieces her customers paid for her services. Like many westerners, Mattie held all paper money suspect. The other pocket became the home of her ever present six shooter.

When her house in the Denver tenderloin was filled, she would march among her guests, remove the six shooter from its housing, twirl it gracefully around her trig-

ger finger and announce to one and all, "This little girl can shoot the eye of a rattler at 500 paces."

Mattie had been blissfully happy as an acknowledged leader of the Denver half-world. When she met Cort Thompson, her cup might have been said to run over. Seeing the way Mattie hung over Thompson's spot at the poker table, most of the steady trade recognized that she had gone off the deep end. The impossible had happened. Mattie Silks, the De Medici of the Tenderloin, had fallen for a customer.

Mattie's faithful bartender Gus Jones saw what was happening and became worried. "Mattie, I tell you that little runt's poison," he warned her. "The guy's a shill and a card sharp. What makes you think he'll play honest with you?"

Mattie patted Gus on the cheek and the bartender hung his head in embarrassment. "Gus, honey," she whispered, "there's some things a woman knows about a man that nobody else can see. Stacking a deck is one thing, but playing me dirt, not Cort Thompson. You just don't know Cort like I know him."

For several weeks, Mattie lived in her innocent paradise. Thompson spent up to eighteen hours a day on her premises. At least five of those hours were whiled away in Mattie's private bed chamber. She let the other customers know that she was taking time out from her regular trade.

THEN a cloud drifted over the horizon. Mattie looked around her main parlor one Saturday night and saw that it was only half-filled. Always an astute business woman, she sauntered over to the bar where Gus in his striped shirt and derby busied himself selling shots of whiskey.

"What's up, Gus? The boys all staying home with their wives tonight?" she asked.

Gus swiped at the bar with a dirty rag. There was a look of hurt and dread on his face.

"Come on, Gus, you never held out on me before. You know something that I don't. What is it?"

"Well, Mattie, you're gonna find out sooner or later. It might as well be from me. There's a new establishment in town. Some trollop by the name of Katie Fulton opened up out in the Olympic Gardens area. She says she's going to drive you into the Platte inside of six months."

Mattie threw back her head and laughed, allowing Gus a magnificent view of her slender throat and

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over-filled bodice. "And just how
does she intend doing that?"

"From what I hear she's real
young and pretty," Gus replied.

Mattie tweaked her bartender's
ear. "Younger and prettier than
me?" she demanded.

"I ain't saying that, Mattie. I
haven't even seen her. But from
what I hear tell she's one of them
honey blondes. And what's more
important, she ain't charging the
boys. She says she's giving away
free samples so that they can see
how much better her place is than
yours."

"Why that no-good slut!" Mattie
bellowed at the top of her lungs.
"She won't get away with that."

However by the following morn-
ing, Mattie had calmed down con-
siderably. Denver was growing by
leaps and bounds. The Queen City
could certainly support two top
flight bordellos. She'd ride out and
see this Katie Fulton and work
some sort of arrangement to share
the wealth.

But Mattie's spurge of reason-
ableness fell on stone deaf ears.
Katie Fulton measured her adver-
sary in the front parlor of the
spanking new Olympic Gardens
bordello.

Finally she said, "Mattie Silks.
The great Mattie Silks. Why you're
an old crow. Look at the wrinkles
around your eyes. Hell, in two
years you'll have to grubstake a
man to sleep with you. Hear this
and hear it well. I'm going to take
your trade, your house and the mis-
erable little bastard of a card sharp
you call your lover. I'm going to
make you the laughing stock of
Denver. This town just isn't big
enough for the two of us. And sis-
ter, I like the climate here."

Mattie's first impulse was to pull
her six shooter and blast a tunnel
right through Katie Fulton's lovely
face. But she thought better of it.
Why become enraged at a nobody—
a half dollar hustler who had to
give it away to develop a follow-
ing.

Imperiously Mattie spun on her
high heels and strode out of her
competitor's emporium. As she
stood in the doorway, she looked
over her shoulder at Katie. "My
grandmother was in her coffin five
days, and she looked more alive
than you," Mattie smiled as she
strode into the daylight.

No matter how Mattie Silks tried
to forget Katie Fulton, the blonde
newcomer wouldn't allow her. She
devised new methods to cut into
Mattie's trade. She devised cruel
jokes to describe her adverse adver-

sary. Katie Fulton's tongue never
rested in her all out war to drive
Mattie out of Denver.

Then Katie pulled the piece de
resistance by sending for Cort
Thompson, getting him blind drunk
in a saloon and announcing to one
and all as she dragged the tout out
of the establishment, "Now, I'm go-
ing to show this runt what it's all
about with a real woman. I think
it's time he learned, don't you?"

NOW, as Cort Thompson snored
contentedly in Mattie's over-
sized double bed, she sat watching
her paramour. A sense of impending
dread chilled her naked body.
Supposing Katie Fulton learned that
Mattie had found it necessary to
pull her six shooter to influence
Thompson back into her own bed.
She could see the word going out
and the wise remarks of the drift-
ers.

But even worse, supposing Cort
Thompson decided to defect to her
arch enemy again. Mattie knew for
sure now what she would not ad-
mit to Gus Jones. Her lover was a
yellow coyote who would feast on
any carrion to satisfy his hunger.

The Queen of the Denver mad-
ams decided at that moment not
to let Cort Thompson out of her
sight again.

However the decision was not
easy to implement. Running a bor-
dello held certain responsibilities
and Mattie found that Thompson
was shrewd enough to move in and
out of her house whenever he
pleased.

On a Saturday night six weeks
later, she spotted Thompson sliding
slyly through the back door. Mattie
disengaged herself from a prospect-
or who'd hit a small vein up in the
Rockies, and moved out into the
night. She kept a discreet distance
behind her man, following him
right to the door of Katie Fulton's
house.

With growing rage she watched
Katie greet the card sharp and ush-
er him into the house. Moments
later, she viewed a lamp coming
alive in a second floor window. Al-
though the shade was drawn, Mat-
tie had no difficulty recognizing the
silhouettes of her lover and her
tormentor as they shed their
clothes.

She drew the six shooter from
her pocket and stormed Katie Ful-
ton's bastion of sin. Before Katie's
startled trollops or stunned guests
could stop Mattie, she had mount-
ed the steps and kicked in Katie's
door.

Hunched up in the large bed, his

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eyes wide and staring, Cort Thompson looked anything but appealing. For a fleeting moment, Mattie wondered why she had even bothered about the man in the first place.

Still it was no longer a question of a fight over a man alone. Mattie knew her very survival in Denver was at stake. Unceremoniously, she strode to the canopied bed and grabbed a handful of Katie's blonde tresses. One quick yank and Katie landed jaybird naked on the floor. She looked up at the muzzle of Mattie's gun which never wavered away from Katie's ample breast.

Crowding in behind Mattie, Katie's girls stood thunderstruck. At any instant they expected to see their madame dispatched.

However Mattie's love for the theatrical did not desert her. Now that she was playing to an audience, she felt a surge of power.

"You said you're going to do me and my establishment in," Mattie snarled as she pointed the six shooter at Katie's head. "You've been mouthing it around as to how you're so much more of a woman than me. Now I'm going to give you a chance to prove it. We're going to fight a duel—just you and me—right here in the Olympic Gardens. I'm setting the time for six o'clock in the morning and you better be there. Because from now until Monday morning, I'm going to spend all my time telling everybody I see about the duel. And if you don't show up, you'd better not try to show your face around these parts again."

Within thirty-six hours Denver had been turned into an uproar. Hours before the scheduled event everybody was there—the shells and shell men, the monte throwers, con artists, sports promoters and pimps—some records say as many as five thousand people invaded the Olympic Gardens.

THE crowd shouted and cheered and made all sorts of side bets. At one point Mattie was eight to five not to show up at all. Those who had watched her prowess at spinning a six shooter on her trigger finger covered the bets and went around currying for more.

A mighty swelling roar announced the arrival of Katie Fulton's carriage. Some three minutes later, Mattie drove onto the dueling grounds, her surly drawn by two jet black horses wearing mourning plumes on their heads.

For once, Mattie had doffed her De Medici outfit in favor of the scantiest of costumes.

Mattie announced to one and all that she had no intention of having her ability to fire cut down in the interests of modesty.

Not to be outdone, Katie screamed that no trollop was going to take advantage of her. She tore three buttons in her anxiety to denude herself.

Some of the witnesses who were at the Olympic Gardens that morning claim that Katie almost fainted and had to be led to the umpire.

Others report that Mattie's knees were knocking so badly out of fright that she could scarcely walk.

Descriptions of the preparations for the duel seem to vary and are probably based on what witnesses had wagered on which contestant.

One thing is not subject to interpretation. The two harlots marched off the assigned thirty paces, each holding a six shooter gingerly in her hand.

Both women whirled at exactly the same instant. Two explosions ripped through the air. A cloud of gunsmoke obscured the scene.

The crowd which had come for sport was suddenly frozen in its tracks by a blood curdling scream of mortal agony. However it had not come from either of the duel's participants who now stood swaying drunkenly in the dawn's early light.

Like zombies, a section of spectators parted and Cort Thompson tumbled to the ground, a .45 slug from Mattie's gun lodged directly behind his ear.

The following day all hell broke loose. An investigation was demanded by Denver's more righteous citizens. Arguments raged hot in every saloon in town.

Some shouted that Mattie was the world's louisiest shot. "Can you imagine aiming at Katie Fulton and hitting a man standing fifty yards away?" they yelled.

Others considered her more deadly than Calamity Jane. "Can you imagine being able to pick Cort Thompson out of that entire crowd to lay him low. Mister, I tell you that's shooting. That's all Mattie wanted the duel for in the first place—to lay that little varmint low all nice and legal like."

The argument wasn't settled that day or the next, or for that matter ever. Until today you'll get those who argue that Mattie Silks was the worst shot in the world. Others will be equally vehement in calling her the best.

Only one person ever knew. And Mattie never did talk.

END

PROSTITUTE

(Continued from page 37)

Americans. They have been scored by their mothers and brainwashed by their television commercials. I don't object to this fetish. It merely seems overdone.

I remember one time when I traveled on the night train to Cannes. The compartments were quite crowded, so I gave the conductor a tip to place me in somebody else's compartment.

My pauvre traveling mates turned out to be Americans. And I have never seen a sight like them in my life. The husband had full pajamas on. But that wasn't all. He also wore socks, gloves and a hat. His wife huddled on her berth completely dressed. They complained bitterly because the sheets hadn't been specially changed for them.

I'll never forget their startled expressions when I slid out of my silk blouse and tweed skirt. Believe me the panties and bra I wore revealed no more than the bikinis girls favor at the Mediterranean resorts.

I smiled at the couple, whispered, "Bon soir, mes amis," and lifted myself into the vacant berth. I fell asleep as they shouted with the conductor that they had paid for exclusive use of the compartment and weren't used to having naked women share their quarters.

You see, for all of his loose talk, the American is really quite prudish. I imagine that even some of my English friends would have been more understanding of the crowded conditions on the train.

This prudishness among Americans makes it difficult for a poule to do her best. How can you properly make love to a man when he is ashamed of being with you?

And Americans are very much ashamed of themselves when they finally get into a private situation with a woman. Even in the matter of clothing and lighting, they set up all kinds of barriers.

The average American customer will be quite shocked if you disrobe before him. He will blush and perspire if he has to take off his clothing in front of you.

He will insist on no lighting in the room. A few will allow a dim night light.

Now I say this is silly. After all, there is nothing indecent about nudity. The human body is a wonderful and beautiful thing. It should be admired.



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And for lighting, what difference does it make whether the lights are on or off? Does it change the relationship of the two people?

Certainly not. It is simply the American need to carry out the basic functions of life in secret.

Then there is the matter of speed. A girl I know who may be seen nightly on Champe Elysee says it has to do with motor cars and jet airplanes.

"Americans are crazy for speed. Even in their love-making they must hurry, hurry, hurry," she giggles.

All I can say is I feel very sorry for their wives. Take my friend, Monsieur Boulevardier or Signor Amore. These are men who will pace the extent of their advances. They understand a woman's need for fulfillment and they cater to it. Yes, even when the woman is a poule, they are able to arouse her.

That's another point where the American is far beyond his European brothers. He does not expect a woman to enjoy sex. If she acts as if she does, he thinks she is pretending or that there is something very wrong with her.

The American is the only national who feels this way. All other men realize that the act of love-making is a basic one. To them women have no place on a pedestal. They would never consider the relationship between man and woman as a one-sided enterprise.

STRANGEST of all is the American's attitude towards a continental woman. Because she speaks a different tongue from his, he considers her a creature from another planet.

If I had a sou for every man who's told me, "You French are different. You are wild and abandoned. You are even depraved," I would indeed be rich.

If we are "depraved" it is because we believe that life is for enjoyment. We get our thrills from things other than stocks and bonds and sports.

That brings up another point. Why do you Americans insist that a man be muscle bound to prove his virility. You look at the slightly built Italian or the wiry Frenchman as a weakling.

Believe me, mon brave, you could learn much from these weaklings. A chest that looks like a laundress' washboard and biceps that ripple in the sun are not the ultimate attributes of a man. Besides, you tire yourselves out to such a great degree by your physical fitness pro-

grams that you cannot bring the full measure of virility to your love-making.

I'll never forget a young man from Texas I met last summer. He had been a college athlete. To look at him, you would have thought he was Apollo. Do you know that I felt sorry for him, I didn't take any money?

You see, I'd seen the haunted look in his eyes. I'd watched his face grow red with embarrassment at his own clumsiness. He was a sweet fella, but unhomme, never.

I mention him because he is so typical of the Americans I meet. Whether they are twenty or sixty makes little difference. They pride themselves on their cleanliness, their fine white teeth, their muscles and their money. They have to. They have nothing else to offer.

But they are so inhibited, so crude, so guilty they make a girl nervous.

For example, being undressed by a man should be an act of artistry. We French poules often call ourselves, "the unbuttoned." The love wise Frenchman understands this prelude to love. He takes great pains to be graceful.

The American has no sense of gallantry. He will rip and tear. In the end une femme winds up looking and feeling like a Montmartre flower girl.

But c'est la vie. My American friend will pay a fantastic price for my services and the price of French lingerie is not that high. When it is all over, I crumple the crisp dollar bills into a small safe I keep in my apartment. I know that they will purchase beaucoup francs.

And after all, I am primarily a girl in business. I agree with the American saying that the customer is always right.

I give my American customers what they think is good for them. However I often wonder if they know what their prudishness and clumsiness is costing them in lost opportunities for ecstasy.

I am afraid if I were to treat Mister Etats Unis as I do Monsieur Boulevardier, or make love with him in the way I entertain Signor Amore, the poor American weakling would never survive.

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SEX HABITS

(Continued from page 35)

rushed forth. He desired sexual experimentation, different positions and techniques. When Ellen protested, he viewed this either as a rejection of himself or that she was teasing him. One thing led to another, his passion intensified as he was being held off by Ellen, and when he could contain himself no longer, he struck her.

Fortunately, both Ellen and Mac still loved each other and wanted to save their relationship. I tried to explain the feelings of each to the other. To Ellen I emphasized that Mac's desires were normal and that she should appreciate the considerable self-control he had exerted toward her during their courtship, out of consideration for her, as well as part of a practical approach to winning her.

I stressed to Mac the importance of being gradual in his introduction of new sexual behavior. "You're going to be married for a long time," I told him. "If you were able to control yourself before marriage,

you should be able to keep a rein on yourself now . . . The fact that Ellen welcomes your love-making should encourage you and help you realize that given time and understanding, she can be encouraged, eventually to appreciate the variety you are trying to put in your relationship."

I am hopeful that this couple will be able to work their problem out. The reason I cited their case was to underline how dangerous to a relationship can be the male's over-eagerness to have "exotic" sex play.

There are cases that reflect the opposite extreme. Henry, for instance, was so determined that he would not upset his wife, who he suspected was rather prudish, he seldom approached her, to make love. As it turned out, his wife wasn't the prude her "cool" behavior on dates had indicated, and she actually looked forward to making love. So Henry's apparent aloofness was disturbing to her. She thought it meant he didn't love her, and because, in her case, divorce was out of the question, she was about to settle down to what she guessed would be a passionless marriage. Then, she became enamoured of an acquaintance of her husband, and, surprising as it may seem, this was a boon to her marriage. For before

that relationship became adulterous, she sought professional counseling. When the basic problem was discovered and revealed to Henry, he set about rectifying his marital obligations, and their relationship was saved.

The point made by the two cases cited above is that moderation is a good path to follow in sex relations. A man should be neither overly demanding nor reluctant, if he wants to have a successful sex relationship.

With some men, it's not their bedroom habits that prove to be their sexual downfall, but their habits in public.

Jim, for example, never realized how disturbing it was for his girl when he made a public spectacle of their romance—kissing her on the neck, nibbling on her ear, and, once, in jest, fondling her.

Girls like their boy friends to be demonstrative of their affection, but most believe firmly in the adage that there is a time and place for everything.

Some, of course, have reason for an opposite complaint—that while the boy friend may be a regular Romeo at home, he acts as if the girl didn't exist when they're out together.

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the best avenue for cordial relationships. Don't put your romance in a showcase with embarrassing public displays of affection, but, on the other hand, don't be so reluctant to express your feelings in public that your girl thinks you don't much care about her.

SOME men may have the situation under control both at home and in public, but aren't satisfied. Males of this type have to prove their abilities by seeking sexual pleasure outside the home, with someone other than their "one and only."

Tommy said, "I just don't enjoy sex relations at home enough to make me stop running around. When I can meet someone new and have relations with her, it temporarily gives me the feeling that I'm worth something."

One difficulty with this sort of attitude, however, is that the man never is satisfied. One outside affair doesn't convince him of his virility, so he goes on to another and another. Sometimes, for some deep-seated psychological feeling of guilt and desire for punishment, the philanderer hopes his wife will find out. Often, whether he hopes so or not, she does discover his infidelity, and, even when she "forgives" him, their relationship can never again be what it once was.

But whether a rover's wife finds out or not, it is still a self-destructive activity he has undertaken.

For each "conquest" is, in reality, an admission of failure. Because satisfying sex relations require considerable practice for two people to adjust to one another's needs, it is self-evident that hit-and-run af-

fairs, while they may provide momentary "kicks," can't give the fulfillment that comes from a long-term relationship between two people who love each other and are willing to work to improve the way they express their love.

A related habit that can ruin a man's life is that of the man who remains faithful to his mate, but attempts to prove his virility by an excessive sexual frequency with that mate.

Obviously, there is no magic number for frequency of intercourse. The optimum is what gives both partners maximum fulfillment. Where sexual appetite varies considerably between partners—as it did between Lila and Jack—there can be a severe problem unless both are willing to yield a little.

Jack wanted sex often, and at what was sometimes a most inconvenient time for Lila. She, on the other hand, could take sex relations or leave them.

It will take this couple a long time to realize that Jack should be considerate of Lila's reluctance and try to overcome it by gentleness, kindness and understanding, and that Lila will have to learn that Jack's desires are healthy and normal and that she should cater to him willingly.

IN their case, as in the instance of any couple, the "when" and "how often" sex relations should take place depend entirely on the man and woman involved. What gives each pleasure will vary with their general emotional attitude on a given day, with outside conditions, with their health, with their basic relationship. You can't expect anyone, male or female, to have his or her mind on the boudoir when suffering from a bad cold, having had a battle with the in-laws, a scare with the kids, a tongue-lashing from the boss and guests in the house. Happily, this series of events doesn't happen all at once, but you get the idea. Conditions have to be right for sex relations to be right, and everyone should appreciate that fact in determining whether the mate is being sufficiently responsive.

Quality is all-important in sex-relations, and this must be kept well in mind as you battle to overcome the habits—lack of self-control, lack of understanding, coldness, crudeness, and all the rest—that threaten to smash your love life.

No one is perfect, least of all in the area of sex relations, but if you frankly evaluate yourself and try to improve, you have an excellent chance of building a happy, fulfilling relationship.

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